



Awakening Sermons

By
J. WILBUR CHAPMAN, D.D.

Compiled and Edited by
EDGAR WHITAKER WORK, D.D.

LIBRARY OF
Benedictine Theological Seminary


252.4

C466a

7,544

NEW YORK CHICAGO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

Copyright, MCMXXVIII, by
FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 851 Cass Street
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 99 George Street

EDITOR'S PREFACE

ALMOST ten years after his death the desire for the sermons of our American evangelist J. Wilbur Chapman continues unabated. Memories of the Chapman-Alexander meetings, in which evangelist and singer coöperated, are still vivid in many communities.

The most valuable part of the material remaining as a memorial of Dr. Chapman's evangelistic work consisted of stenographic reports of many of his most influential sermons. These reports were made toward the end of his life and show him at the full maturity of his powers. They have the additional advantage of reproducing his speaking manner and method, as well as the atmosphere of the meetings. Some years ago the present editor compiled and edited the first volume of these stenographic reports under the title, *Evangelistic Sermons of J. Wilbur Chapman*. A second volume of the stenographic reports is now published.

The present volume contains some of the most characteristic of the evangelist's sermons—sermons that were widely used in awakening souls and bringing many to religious decision. They are issued with an earnest hope and prayer that they may be used by the Spirit of God among ministers and people.

EDGAR WHITAKER WORK.

New York City.



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2025

CONTENTS

X I.	CHRIST THE ONLY HOPE	9
	<i>John 6 : 68</i>	
II.	THE GREAT RESISTER	22
	<i>Zechariah 3 : 1</i>	
III.	WHAT MUST I DO? <i>See Great Texts</i>	37
	<i>(Acts)</i> <i>Acts 16 : 30</i>	
IV.	RESPONSIBILITY FOR OTHERS	47
	<i>Genesis 43 : 8, 9</i>	
V.	AND JUDAS ISCARIOT	59
	<i>Mark 3 : 19</i>	
VI.	THE LIBERTY OF THE SPIRIT	70
	<i>II Corinthians 3 : 17</i>	
VII.	THE SIN OF A PRAYERLESS LIFE	82
	<i>Luke 18 : 1</i>	
VIII.	THIS YEAR	96
	<i>Jeremiah 28 : 16</i>	
IX.	THE THREE CROSSES	106
	<i>John 19 : 16-18</i>	
X.	THE WRITING ON THE WALL	118
	<i>Daniel 5 : 1</i>	
XI.	FINDING ONE'S BROTHER	128
	<i>John 1 : 41</i>	

XII.	HE WAS A LEPER	140
	<i>II Kings 15 : 5</i>	
XIII.	THE UNPARDONABLE SIN	150
	<i>I John 5 : 16</i>	
XIV.	THREE MEETINGS WITH THE SAVIOUR .	162
	<i>Psalm 55 : 17</i>	
XV.	THE JUDGMENT	175
	<i>Hebrews 9 : 27</i>	

I

CHRIST THE ONLY HOPE *

“ Lord, to whom shall we go? ”—JOHN 6:68.

THERE are many pathetic situations revealed to us in the early ministry of Jesus. I recall that incident where the angry Jews followed after Him, with stones in their hands, awaiting the first opportunity to hurl stones at Him. At last the more excited of the company did stone Him, when He with infinite pathos exclaimed, “ Many good works have I shown you from my Father. For which of these do you stone me? ” I also remember that time in His earthly experience when hungry for confession He said to His disciples, “ Whom do men say that I, the Son of Man, am? ” When they gave Him their opinions variously expressed, the general confession did not seem to be enough and He said, “ But whom do ye say that I am? ” There is to me a great exhibition

* EDITOR'S NOTE. This sermon has a profound interest because it was preached again by Dr. Chapman on December 15, 1918. It proved to be his last sermon. His death occurred ten days later on Christmas Day. The sermon was previously published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, in a small volume called, *Another Mile and Other Addresses*, that is now out of print. It is the only sermon in this collection that is not reproduced from stenographer's notes. It is placed first in this volume because of its special significance.

{ of pathos in this heart-hunger of His for an acknowledgment of Himself on the part of His disciples.

But of all the situations the setting of the text appears to me the most pathetic. We must remember that He began His ministry in Judea, and so great was the charm of His personality and the attractiveness of His teaching that the multitudes thronged Him. When there was danger of His failing to impress upon them the heart of His ministry because the crowds about Him were so great, He turned away from Judea and went into Galilee. He was the same in Galilee as in Judea, and as He has ever been. The multitudes again crowded about Him, when in order to scatter them He gave them some sharp teaching concerning His ministry and His ultimate departure. The crowds began at once to leave Him. They moved away by twos and fours and then in larger companies, until at last only the twelve were left. Then Jesus turned to them, saying, "Will ye also go away?" And Simon Peter answered Him, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

There have been different renderings of this expression, "Will ye also go away?" Some one has translated it, "You cannot wish to go away, can you?" And still another has made it read, "You may go away if you wish," implying that the going away is possible but highly incredible. But in spite of the suggestion the twelve remain

by His side. When once one has actually seen Jesus he can have eyes for no one else, and when once his heart has been filled with the presence of Jesus, everything else will fail to satisfy.

In all the ages there has been a sifting of those who are true followers after God. There are different experiences that test men's attachment to Christ.

Sometimes intellectual difficulties are the means of testing, and yet suppose we should give up hope in Christ. What is there for us then? What if we are disposed to question certain mysteries, what can we gain if we turn away from One who has ever led men out of bondage into freedom and out of darkness into light? Some one has said, "It is easier to spoil a picture than to paint one, to pluck a flower than to put it back on its stem, to demolish a statue than to release it from its imprisonment in the marble." Everything in our religion appeals to reason if rightly considered. Joseph Parker used to say, "Religion is reason on her knees. Faith is reason on wings. Christianity is reason on the cross on the way to the crown." And if there should be intellectual difficulties to-day in the mind of any one, do not leave Him because you cannot understand Him, but wait and trust. I remember rising from my bed when a student in the seminary, determined to put all thought of the ministry out of my mind and to give up the Church. One of the doctrines of the Church was to me not only inexplicable but distasteful.

Suddenly it came to me that this same doctrine had been believed by men the latchet of whose shoes I was not worthy to unloose, and I determined to wait for light from above. If there is any one doctrine more than another in which I believe to-day, which has given me greater desire to preach than I had before, a greater love for the Bible, and a greater conception of God's majesty and power, it is this same doctrine from which I would once have turned away, but which now I believe with all my heart.

Sometimes trial is the means of testing. But it is inconceivable to me that men should turn away from Christ because suffering must be faced. Let us be reasonable people. Great souls have always graduated at the College of Hard Knocks. If the heart-strings have almost snapped, it is but the tuning of the instrument by the Master hand for sweeter music. What if the night has seemed to be interminable? We would not appreciate the sun but for the lowering of the curtain of darkness. What if our plans have been changed, our hopes blighted, our distress indescribable, we need not forsake Christ; for to whom shall we go if we depart from Him?

Sometimes sin is the testing influence. Slowly yet surely the cord of fellowship has been strained almost to the snapping. It was in the beginning but one brief moment of entrancing pleasure. In the pursuit of sin we sold our birthright, and if we should go on in sin and

away from Christ, what could we gain? Nothing but an accusing conscience, long sleepless nights, distressing days and an awful experience in the end. What an old sin backsliding is. When we use this name we understand that it describes the condition of one who has in practice at least turned away from Him. It began in the days of Adam, continued until the time of the flood, and broke forth in Israel's days with increasing force. Nothing could be more pathetic than God's cry over His wandering people when He exclaims, "How can I give you up?" We need not, therefore, be surprised if we see men drifting in these days. If, in Old Testament times, one like Enoch walked with God, we may be sure that others lost step with Him. If in New Testament days many were faithful, and others denied Him like Peter, and betrayed Him like Judas, it is not at all strange that there should be traitors in the camp at the present time.

Some have drifted from Christ because they have been deceived from the beginning. There is a counterfeit grace as well as a real religion. Some one has said, "All is not gold that glitters. All blossoms do not come to fruit. All is not Israel that is called Israel." Man may have the deepest of feelings and desires, the greatest of convictions and resolutions, and even the highest of hopes and some joys of service, and never have the grace of God. They may run well for a season and bid fair to reach heaven, then

break down and go back to the world and end their lives like Demas of old or even Judas Iscariot.

How little some people profit from religious privileges! You will notice that the twelve tarried with Jesus, and one of the twelve was Judas. If ever a man had a great opportunity it was Judas. He was a chosen disciple, a constant attendant of the Master, a witness of His miracles, a hearer of His sermons as well as a preacher of the kingdom, a fellow and friend of Peter, James and John. Yet he was shipwrecked for time and eternity. However, his privileges were not greater than ours, with the memory of a great ancestry, the recollection of a noble father, and the tender memory of a perfect mother. Religious privileges are not enough, good birth is not enough, early training is not enough. Do you really know God? If not, sell all that you have and learn to know Him. No sacrifice is too great to make. To whom else could you go if not to Him?

Others lose fellowship with Christ because they follow Him afar off. Peace and power are gone. Fellowship is sacrificed. While it is true that there is a real grace which is an everlasting possession and from which we never fall away, yet unconfessed or continually practised sin will rob us of fellowship with Christ. Neglect of the Bible will take joy out of our experience. Indifference to the prayer life will take from us the power of holy living. A life of

listless interest will rob us of joy and blessing. It is a sad thing to turn away from Christ in our living. To whom else can we go if not to Him?

To what do we owe our association with Christ? I do not forget God's sovereign grace in our present position, but I would speak of the other side. We owe our position in part, and frequently very largely, to our birth. We have been brought into close touch and relationship with Christ because of a saintly mother or a godly father. It is said that when John McNeil, who became himself a great Scotch preacher, had heard a minister preach and had determined to be a Christian, he went to his home and found his mother sleeping. Entering her room he aroused her and told her that he had become a Christian and that he hoped to preach. Putting her arms about his neck she said to him, "Johnny, my lad, I prayed for this before you were born."

With some it is parental consecration; for many a man must acknowledge to-day that he owes much to the fact that when he was but a child his parents placed him before God on the altar. Nothing could be more beautiful than the faith of our fathers in taking their hands off our lives and asking God to direct and control them. An evangelist was preaching to the Indians. He had made a strong appeal that assistance be given to other Indians, and a collection was to be taken. Through an inter-

preter he asked them to make the very best gift they had. When the baskets had been passed down the aisle there came to the front a big Indian, his wife walking by his side and a little bit of a boy between them. Securing the attention of the evangelist the Indian said, "You told us to give the very best we had to God. Our best is not money, but it is this little child." And without the suggestion of a smile he said, "We could not put him into the basket, so we brought him to you. You may take him away if you please, and we will never see him again. Only remember he is God's child." There is many a life of blessing which if traced back to its source would come to parental consecration.

Some owe their position in Christ to the fact that like Peter of old they could find no one else to whom they could turn. They may have tried philosophy, the world and pleasure, and even sin, but they were forced at last to say, "What can wash away my sin?" They had no answer but this, "Nothing but the blood of Jesus." Whatever it is that has led you to Christ, it is a sad thing to break step with Him, to sell what we have for less than a mess of pottage, to deny Him in the house of His friends, to crucify Him afresh. You cannot wish to go away, can you?

There are many reasons why we should stay. There are too many mysteries unsolved if we go away. Astronomers tell us that in our firmament there are millions of suns, and another firmament above this, and still another, and

still another. I cannot think that they came by chance. It insults my reason to do this. I prefer rather to stand with Him; without Him there was not anything made that was made. For He who made the stars and telleth their number, holdeth them in His hand.

I cannot account for suffering away from Him. It is all a mystery. But when I hear Him say, as He does in Isaiah 43: 2, 3, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee: and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. For I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour; I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee"—then I have light in the darkness.

I cannot account for disappointment away from Him. With Him, with every hope shattered and every plan broken, I can hear Him say, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." "All chastening seemeth for the present to be not joyous but grievous, yet afterward it yieldeth peaceable fruit unto them that have been exercised thereby, even the fruit of righteousness. Wherefore lift up the hands that hang down, and the palsied knees; and make straight paths for your feet, that that which is lame be not turned out of the way, but rather be healed. Follow after peace with all men, and the sanctification without which no man shall see the Lord." I have no answer for

the thirsty soul away from Him. It is the deep-seated nature of man that manifests itself in the many forms of restless activity. The powerlessness of the world to quench this thirst indicates the divine origin of the soul. He who drinks of the cistern running dry, he who quaffs at the water-pool will find it foul and turbid. He who seeks to quench his thirst at the sea will only find his thirst increased.

*“ The frail vessel Thou hast made
No hand but Thine can fill;
The waters of this world have failed,
And I am thirsty still.”*

But I hear Him say, “ Every one that drinketh of this water shall thirst again; but whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall become in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life.” Without Him I have no help for the sinner. Away from Him it is the survival of the fittest; while with Him it is pardon, forgiveness and justification for the vilest.

There are too many witnesses in His favour for me to leave Him. Call the roll of philosophers: Bacon, Locke, Dr. Johnson, Edwards, Hopkins, McCosh. They were Christians. It was Locke who said, “ If I had my life to live over again, I would spend it studying the Epistles of Paul and the Psalms.” Call the roll of

great thinkers: Copernicus, Kepler, Sir Isaac Newton. They were Christians. It was Kepler who said, "I am thinking the thoughts of God. I am overawed with the sense of His majesty. In the firmament God is passing before me in the grandeur of His way." Call the roll of scientists: Agassiz, Miller, Proctor, Guizot. They were Christians. Then add the name of John George Romanes, who was an unbeliever, but became a devoted Christian, accepting the divinity of Jesus and the atonement of Christ, and died a triumphant death. The greatest historians, among whom were Bancroft, Ridpath and Green, were Christians. The greatest discoverers, among whom were Raleigh, Livingstone and Stanley, were Christians. The greatest statesmen, among whom were Constantine, Charlemagne, Alfred the Great, Webster, Gladstone and Bismarck, were Christians. Most of the presidents of the United States have been believers. Jurists like Blackstone and Hale, including judges of the Supreme Court, have been Christians. This company is good enough for me; and where these men have travelled I am not afraid myself to go. For to whom else could I go?

Let us imagine for a moment that we have departed from Him. Then the Bible describes us as without God and without hope in the world. If we have departed from Him, we have no Bible. The Bible says, "The Lord is my shepherd." The man without the Bible is shepherd-

less. The Bible says, "Ho, every one that thirsteth," but the man without the Bible will have his thirst unquenched. The Bible says, "The Lord is thy refuge," but the man without the Bible is at the mercy of every wind that blows. The Bible says, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest," but the man without the Bible exclaims, "O, that I knew where I might find peace." The Bible says, "In my Father's house are many mansions," but the man without the Bible goes into a hopeless eternity with no refuge for his soul. If we have gone away from Him then we have no Saviour. Sin is everywhere with wrecking and ruining power, and we have no hope to present to the hopeless and helpless. With Him there is no man so deep in sin and no woman so far from God but we may sound a note of cheer for them. If we have departed from Him, then we have no hope in death. You may hold the lifeless form of your child in your arms and in unbelief carry it to the grave, roll the stone against the door and say good-bye forever. But faith bids you say farewell and not good-bye. In Him the grave has lost its victory and death has lost its sting. While the body of your loved one rests in the tomb, God will not be unmindful of it.

In the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans, and the eleventh verse we read, "But if the Spirit of him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwelleth in you, he that raised up Christ from the dead shall give life also to your

mortal bodies through his Spirit that dwelleth in you." Some years ago, seated in my home in the country, I read the explanation given of this verse by one of the great Bible teachers of our time. He said when one became a Christian the Spirit of God entered into him, and so long as he lived he was the temple of the Holy Ghost. "But," said he, "when he dies his spirit goes to God who gave it and his body is placed in the tomb to await the coming of the Lord." "It has always been my thought," he added, "that this same Spirit of God keeps watch over that tomb until the resurrection morn, guarding it as a mother bird guards her little ones." I could scarcely read the explanation for my tears. I drove at once to the cemetery with my wife and we knelt beside the little grave where years before we had placed the body of our first-born boy. It had always been a spot of gloom, especially for the mother, for in it she had buried her first hopes. But with this thought of the Spirit of God keeping watch we had a new conception. Ever since the grave has lost its terror and death has been robbed of its gloom. So to whom else can we go if we turn from Christ? He is the resurrection and the life, our joy here and our hope for an unending eternity.

He is our only hope for the future, but it is equally true that He is our only hope for to-day. Without Him life is hardly worth the living, while with Him it is an unceasing and growing joy.

II

THE GREAT RESISTER

“And Satan standing at his right hand to resist him.”—ZECHARIAH 3:1.

I AM taking this text because it is calculated to startle men and make them think. There are verses of Scripture of this kind that give us pause immediately. We cannot escape them, they give us “the arrest of thought.”

I am not concerned as to what you think about a personal devil. I simply give you my text. There are some who think that Satan is just an influence, a principle of evil. They do not like to think of him as any kind of personality. It is not my purpose to debate this subject. It would hardly be profitable to do so. But I do remind you that the Bible everywhere assumes that there is a personal evil one. You do not find the Bible talking about a mere influence, an impression, an indefinite principle of evil. Whatever it is the Bible has a name for it. Judging from the way the Bible speaks of him, there is no doubt at all about his personality. He is altogether real, and I think that any of us who have felt the actual power of the evil one in our lives are very glad to have the

Bible give him a name. Giving a name to a person identifies him. "And Satan standing at his right hand to resist him."

I could find a suitable text in almost any book of the Bible, for the work of the evil one begins in Genesis and runs all the way through to Revelation. But I have chosen this word in the prophecy of Zechariah. It is one of the prophet's ten visions, the rider on the red horse, the four horns, the four carpenters, the man with the measuring line, and so on. The fifth vision opens in chapter three, "And he shewed me Joshua the high priest standing before the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing at his right hand to resist him." A high priest with the angel of the Lord, and Satan standing there also as the great resister. This is a picture that you are not likely to forget, once you have seen it. It explains a great many things.

What this text does for us—we can't help seeing it—is to show us the real character of the evil one, and what he does. He stands there to resist—he is the resister. The Revised Version makes it even plainer. "And Satan standing at his right hand to be his adversary." Do you see that? This priest Joshua probably wants to do right, and the angel of the Lord is there to help him. But there also, close to him at his right hand, is one who is against him. That is his work, to be against men, to be their adversary. There is never a soul that wants to do right but that he is there to resist. If

you know what he is, and what his work is, you will be on your guard.

There has never been an awakened sinner, from the very first one, down to the one in this meeting now, of whom this attitude of Satan has not been true. He is always at your right hand to resist you, to be your adversary. It is a real picture, and it has two sides. God loving us and pleading with us, Jesus Christ dying for us and drawing us by His cross, the Holy Spirit convicting us of sin and wooing us to the knowledge of God. All this is like the angel of the Lord. But there is the other side of the picture, Satan resisting, the adversary of souls against you. It is all true.

I believe that every thoughtful man here this evening, if he has not accepted Christ as his Saviour, will say that the Spirit of God has often been with him in these meetings, or at some other time. But there has also been a resister who has told you that you ought not to yield to Christ. That is the way Satan works. He tries to make you feel that you are already secure. He tries to make you feel that perhaps, after all, it is not best to make your decision in a meeting like this. He sometimes whispers in your ear this suggestion, that if you are going to be converted at all, then be converted in the church. Don't walk down these sawdust aisles, don't take the visiting evangelist by the hand. Every unsaved person knows about this. And there is no better explanation

than this. It is Satan standing at his right hand to resist him.

Or again it is like some one binding us and holding us with cords. They may be silken cords, or even golden chains, but they are real enough. I know that when I make my appeal here night after night, pleading until I have no further strength with which to plead, there are a hundred persons at least who say in their hearts, "I wish I could go forward." Some of them have half risen, some of them have all but started for the aisle, and then they have fallen back and have remained in their places. Satan at their right hand to resist them!

I know what he says, I can repeat his words. He has spoken to thousands of people in this building, saying, "Be careful. These meetings are interesting, the singing is most unusual, the preaching is somewhat different possibly from what we have heard. But be careful." Many a man and woman has heard that whisper. "Don't be swept off your feet. Don't allow him to appeal to your emotions, and start you before you ought to be started." Over and over again something has said, "Don't do what you will regret when the meetings have become a memory." And when you brushed that suggestion aside, another suggestion came, "Well, if you should stand and go forward, you will not hold out." I do not know of any better explanation than the text. And Satan standing at his right hand to resist him.

There is an old legend, which we have heard from childhood, at least I heard my old minister use it when I was a boy. Ages ago there was a conference in hell, and Satan proposed sending into this world his special agents, and they were to be commissioned each of them with a special message. This was to be the burden of each message, to say the thing that would keep people from turning to Jesus Christ. One said, "I shall go and persuade the people, if I can, that God does not exist." And Satan said, "What folly. Every star in the sky and every bird that sings and every flower that blooms and every man that lives is an argument for God." Another said, "I shall go and say that Jesus Christ is not divine, that He is a man among men, but not divine." And Satan said, "What folly. Every man saved from the power of sin, delivered from passions, set free from the death of sin, would rise up and cry out against you." Another said, "I shall go and say to the people, 'Do your best.'" That is what some preach. Do your best. They stand before audiences like this and say, "Just do your best, just be sincere in what you believe."

But you may be sincerely wrong. If you ever had the privilege of going to the other side of the world into what I believe is the most beautiful harbour in the world, Sydney harbour, you would find that you pass into the harbour through what they call The Heads, two mountains of some size standing like guardian senti-

nels. Between the two you pass into that superb harbour. Years ago a ship was making her way toward the Sydney harbour, two hundred and seventy-six people on board. The captain thought he was steering as he should steer, but just to the left of The Heads stands another mountain, and you must know your way or you will go wrong. Crash against the rocks, and the vessel was wrecked. Two hundred and seventy-five people lost their lives. One boy was saved, and that boy was an old man at the time of our visit. The captain was sincere in his knowledge, but he was sincerely wrong. And Satan said to this messenger, "What folly for you to go."

At last one said, "I shall tell the people that God is God, and Jesus is divine, that no man can do his best because he hasn't strength to do it. I shall tell them that the Christian life is the greatest life to live this side of heaven. But I shall ask them to put it off, just to wait, just to stop for a little while." All this is just a legend, but it tells the truth. It shows what Satan's masterpiece is. You expect to be saved. You are not going to allow your old mother to pass into the skies and you miss going. You are not going to bury the baby you love, and never see him again. You are not going to be married to some sweet woman, and then kiss her cold lips as she lies in death before you, and permit her to go to the skies, and you turn your back upon heaven. "Some day!" you say, and

that is Satan's masterpiece of resistance. An old man said to one of our workers the other afternoon, "Sometime, sometime." Think of it, an old man! And Satan standing at his right hand to resist him!

No one can understand the personality of Satan without taking his New Testament in hand and studying the subject of angels. Get a concordance and find out all you can about angels. You will learn two or three things that you ought to know in starting. You learn that angels are not the same as redeemed saints. My mother is in heaven. She went away when she was a young woman. But she is not an angel. We used to sing in Sunday school, "I want to be an angel, and with the angels stand." We can never do that, we cannot be angels. Your mother and mine are not angels. I will tell you why. They are saints, redeemed saints, clothed in white and living in His presence. But angels are a different order of beings. Satan is a fallen angel. I will not attempt to give you proof texts, but only ask you to do this, take your Bible, and consult your concordance. You will find this to be true, that Satan does the work of a person. He is more than an influence, more than a mere principle of evil. He is an evil person who is at work among men. He is a fallen angel, and he does that kind of work. Satan standing by to resist, to be an enemy of men's souls. This is why it is, that men listen oftentimes with tears, women sit spell-

bound, because the Spirit of God is here. The Angel of the Lord is here to help. I can see their tense faces upturned. I can see the tears start, and the lips tremble. I think that they are certainly coming to Christ. But they hold back and are unsaved. It is this. Satan standing at his right hand to resist him. There is a mighty conflict going on in this audience every night, it is the good and the evil. It is the Holy Spirit of God and the devil himself. That is the struggle, and you alone can determine which way the struggle is to end. Say "Yes," and the devil will leave you. Stand on God's Word, and you will be free. Lay hold of Jesus, and you will win the victory. There is no more striking description of your spiritual condition to-night than this, Satan standing at his right hand to resist him.

He is called by different names. Sometimes he is called an accuser. He is represented as accusing God's people, that is, saying what is not true, telling them that they are what they are not, or the contrary. Again he is called a deceiver. He is the deceiver of every man and woman in this building. He is your deceiver if you are not a Christian. It is he who keeps you from salvation. It is written plainly in God's Word, that God willeth not the death of any sinner. God threw wide open the door of mercy, He sent His Son to die. When Jesus Christ died, as some one has said, He died with His arms wide open as if to take the whole

lost, sinning world into His loving embrace. God is willing. So is Christ. So are your friends, here and in heaven. The last sermon I ever heard my old minister preach, the one I remember best, was from the text, "Come, for all things are now ready." I have always thought that it was a tribute to evangelistic preaching, that I remembered his outline. Come, for God is ready. Come, for Christ is ready. Come, for the Church is ready. Come, for your friends are ready. I remember how he leaned over the desk, and seemed to be looking straight at me. I had buried my mother the week before, and he had stood beside the grave and read the funeral service. As if he pointed his finger at me, he said, "Your friends on earth and your friends in heaven are ready." Then he told this story. An old fisherman took his child to fish, and the fishing was poor. He left the child on a ledge of rock and went away to fish. The cold mists fell and when he came back he found the child shivering. He took him in his boat and carried him home, but the child caught pneumonia and died. The old fisherman used to say, as he stood looking through the window across the sea, that he seemed to see his little boy. He would stand there every night when the waves were high and the storm fierce and the sound of the waves like cannon, and above it all he seemed to see his boy and hear him say, "I am over this way, father, just over this way," just as he had called to him from the

ledge of rock. And the fisherman said, "I could not help but be a Christian." The Spirit of God has been working here through the face of a mother, through the prayers of a father, through the death of a child, through the preaching of the minister, and you have almost started, and the struggle has been terrific. Satan standing at his right hand to resist him.

I will tell you why my heart goes out to every man who is overpowered with the desire for strong drink. I will tell you. Satan is destroying him. I have never said a harsh word against a drunkard. I have cried over them, I have held them in my arms when they were struggling in delirium tremens. I have walked with them to the brink of the grave and whispered the name of Jesus when they were drunken and dying, thinking perhaps they might catch the sound of His name before they passed away. I hate anything that would hurt a man, and that is the devil. He makes little children suffer. He makes sweet mothers suffer. He makes fine old fathers suffer.

But you are already a Christian. This is your picture too. He stands opposite the Christian who has accepted Jesus Christ as his Saviour, and brings up his past sins and holds them before him. I wanted to ordain as an officer in my church a man high in public life. I sent for him and said, "I am going to ask you to accept a high honour, I want to ordain you as an officer in the church." "No, sir; no, sir," he

said. "But I am going to," I replied. He said, "If you will allow me to go away and think it over for two days, I will give you my answer." He came back and said, "No. I think it is an honour, but no. This is final. No." I said, "Tell me the reason." And this is what he said: "When I was a young man I did wrong. No one knew it better than I. It hurt my mother and dishonoured my father. But I made it right. God knows I made it right, and my old father, with his arms about my neck, told me I had made it right. From that day to this I have been true. But if I were an officer in the church, all the papers would emblazon the story before the world." Satan standing at his right hand to resist him.

These ministers send out invitations through their churches for workers, and they get back this answer. "I don't think I can do it. I don't feel worthy." Satan standing at his right hand to resist him. There are in the church of Jesus Christ many good church members, active in church or Sunday school, people doing their duty, but they have this idea, that they are not saved. At least, they do not know, they do not feel sure. When I stand here saying with my heart all aglow and my faith triumphant, "I know that I am a Christian," some of you say, "Oh, I wish I might know, I wish I might know." I went to see a dear, beautiful old lady, and said to her, "How long have you been a Christian?" "I do not know that I am one,"

she replied. It is the devil's own work, it is a fine sample of his art, to make you think that although you have accepted Jesus Christ, you may not be saved. I hate him. He bound me when I was a student. He bound me in this way in my early years, until D. L. Moody led me to the place where, after reading a verse of Scripture, he said, "Do you believe it?" "Yes," I said, "I do believe it." "Then are you saved?" "I don't know," I said. Then he laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "Whom are you doubting?" I can feel at this moment the hot tears running down my cheeks as I saw the truth. Sometimes I have been beneath clouds, and sometimes under the beautiful bright sunlight. Sometimes with friends about me by the score, and sometimes with men mocking me and trying to overthrow me if they could. Sometimes with a song on my lips, and sometimes with a sigh in my heart. But I have never doubted since that time.

It is one of the devil's best strategies to say to a man who is a Christian, "It is all right for Moody to have power, and Spurgeon. It is well enough for ministers. But you cannot expect to have such an experience." That is the devil's lie.

Before this meeting closes, let us stand on our feet as Christian people. Let us stand on God's Word. There is one thing that Satan cannot stand, and that is the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God. Thrust it through him!

When our Lord was tempted of the devil, you remember what He did. He thrust him through, not once, but thrice, with the sword of the Spirit. "Then the devil leaveth him, and behold, angels came and ministered unto him." I want to ask you church members to say, "I take my stand on God's Word." Rebuke the devil, and say, "I believe in God, I believe in Jesus Christ my Saviour, I believe that He saves me because He said so, I believe He wants to use me." The tempter will leave you when you talk that way.

Hear me. I want to close my appeal by saying this. It would be like the devil to say to you in the midst of the service, "You don't like this very well. Why don't you go out?" That is almost the most insidious kind of resistance. What the great resister says to you is true on the surface only. Down in your heart you are really interested. You have tried to stay away, you have even tried to leave the meeting. But you can't do it. You are still here, and you do not miss a word. Still he stands at your right hand to resist you. "You are not good enough. Wait until you are better. Just go back home and make up your mind that you are going to be better. Stop this and that, and stop the other thing." But that is not the way to be saved. "Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me." You cannot lop off a bit at a time. I had a letter the other day from a woman who wrote me that her husband had

a habit of beating her. Nice husband, isn't he? Of course it was in another town. What if he should come home and say, "I am going to beat you only six days this week, and only five days the next week. I am going to be quite a man after all." That is the devil's lie. Not good enough. If you were, Jesus would never have died. He came because you were not good enough.

He tells some of you that you have committed too many sins. "You remember that scarlet sin," he tells you. "If you go down that aisle, somebody is going to point a finger at you." A man here, with the hot tears running down his cheeks, said to one of the workers, "I would go down. I have had a hard time of it. But you see that man standing there? If I were to go down, he would say I was a hypocrite." One of the devil's lies. A young girl came to one of the meetings. She was living a life of shame, and some one said to her, "You in church?" That is the devil's lie. I stand here as the representative of the Church of Jesus Christ, and say that if you will turn from your sins, though they be like scarlet, like the sands of the sea for number, I stand to represent the Church of Christ and say that the doors of the church are wide open to you. Isn't that so, brethren? Say it out. Yes!

But Satan still stands at your right hand and says, "You have put it off too long." He wants to overwhelm you with despair. He wants to

cover you with clouds of your own unworthiness, so that you will not see Jesus. But Jesus is here and He is smiling through the clouds. "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Yes, there is a tremendous conflict going on. The Spirit of God is saying, "Come, come, come!" and the devil is saying, "Wait, wait, wait!" If you will take God's Word, accept His promises, believe on His Son and turn, the power of the resister will be broken.

III

WHAT MUST I DO?

"Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"—Acts 16:30.

THIS is one of the most important questions that has ever been asked. Men disregard it at their peril.

I was walking down the streets of New York one day and I saw my text written in large letters on a sign-board. Underneath I read that Colonel Ingersoll had taken it as his theme, and would deliver an address that night in the Academy of Music. But infidelity has never found an answer to this question.

Science plays a great part in the world's development. If it were not for the men of science with their wonderful discoveries, and their deep searchings of the laws of nature, the world to-day would be poor indeed. But science has no answer for my text. Philosophy is a noble study. I suppose no man really and truly appreciates God and the things of God, the teachings of Jesus, or as we may say, the ethics of Jesus, until he can understand philosophy. But philosophy has no answer to my text. There is only one answer, and St. Paul gave it in these words, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Believe *on*. This is im-

portant to notice. The very devils believe in, and tremble. Intellectually you may believe in Him, but when it comes to salvation it must be belief on Him.

I remember standing one day at the opening of a mine in Colorado. I saw the miners going down for their day's work. They went by means of a bucket, with a rope and windlass. I could imagine these men coming to the windlass and testing it, taking the rope in hand and testing it, sounding the bucket to see if it was safe, and saying, "We believe in these things absolutely." But that would never get them down into the mine. When I saw these men lay hold of the rope with their hands, step into the bucket with their feet, and trust themselves to the rope and windlass and bucket, I knew they were on the way. They believed on. This is my text. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Trust yourself in His hands.

The apostle Paul lived in a perpetual state of revival. He had only to take his seat beside Lydia, the seller of purple, and tell his story, and straightway she believed on and was baptized. He had only to walk along the streets with his companion in the ministry, and a young girl possessed of an evil spirit realized that these were men of God, and cried out for deliverance. They turned to speak to her, and she was free. When her masters saw that the hope of their gains was gone, they caught Paul and Silas, threw them into the market place, beat them

with stripes, and thrust them into the inner prison, fastening their feet in the stocks, and leaving them in darkness. At the midnight hour, an earthquake shook the prison foundations, the doors were thrown open, stones were loosened, and in the midst of the confusion, the Philippian jailer burst into the prison saying, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?" Paul answered in a single clear sentence, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

Here we find the difference between men of influence and men of power. I have an idea that if I were to ask you the question, "What is the supreme need of the Church to-day?" you would say, "The addition of men of influence." You mean sometimes men of financial standing, sometimes men of intellectual gifts. The Church does need such, but if I had to choose between men of influence and men of power, I know which I would choose. Here were two men who did not have influence enough to keep themselves out of prison, but they had power enough, when they were in prison, to shake its foundations and jar open its doors. The Church needs men of spiritual power.

In this Philippian story I find the steps that all of us must take if we are ever really saved. If I had a blackboard, I would set it before you and with a piece of chalk draw the outline of my message. I would begin by placing the letter "C" there, for each part begins with that letter.

Contrition comes first. I find that the Phi-

lippian jailer fell down before these men. He had a wounded spirit, a broken heart. I read in God's Word that a broken and a contrite heart God will not despise.

No one has ever really come to know Jesus Christ without first of all he has come to the end of himself. You are not saved because of your morality. You are not saved because of your influence, your good deeds. You are saved because you realize that your sin is against God, and being against God, you must fall low before Him and accept His way of escape. That is the way men are saved. So many men seem to think that sin simply hurts others, especially their family. If that were true, they might call the household together and promise to reform. Many seem to think that sin simply hurts themselves. If that were true, then they might suffer remorse, and somehow get out of it. Your sin is against God, and being against God, resolution cannot touch it. When you truly realize this you will come to the place where in deep contrition you will say, God be merciful to me a sinner.

Next there is Conviction. He came trembling. If there is a criticism that can be justly urged against modern evangelism, it is that we are making it too easy for men to turn to God. I confess I like the old days when men sobbed their way into the kingdom. I like the old times when with white faces men sought God. I like those experiences of other days when men would

almost forget to eat and sleep. Conviction is almost a lost word. Men are too easy about their sins. I hold that genuine conversion must be preceded by conviction. When there is true conviction, conversion is generally real. Yet conviction may manifest itself in different ways in different people. Nicodemus was convicted when he had a sense of his need. You need more than human help.

I was in a city in Iowa when a petition was presented to the governor of the state asking for the release of a man who had been sent to prison with two charges against him. He had fired a man's barn, and was guilty of arson; he broke prison and attempted an officer's life. After he had been put back in prison, they came to Governor Jackson and presented petitions from the man whose barn was burned, the officer whose life was attempted, the judge who had presided at the trial, the prosecuting attorney who had prosecuted him, and every member of the jury that found him guilty. The governor read the names through, folded up the petition and said to the petitioners, "I cannot interfere." They said, "Governor Jackson, you evidently did not see these names." "Gentlemen," he replied, "this man's crime was not merely against men, it was against the commonwealth of Iowa, and he must pay the penalty." Never until you realize that your sin is against God, will you understand your real need. Reformation cannot touch it. The poor man who would not lift his

eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast and said, "God be merciful to me a sinner," was convicted of sin. And I suppose it is true that the nearer we come to Christ, the more sincerely we feel the awfulness of sin. Stanley says that when he journeyed across Africa, he found men who did not know that their faces were black until they saw his own white face. Then they realized that their skins were black. I have found out that the nearer I come to Jesus Christ, the more I know of the hideousness of sin, the more I realize that in deep and sincere conviction, I must call upon Him for help.

Contrition, Conviction and now Conversion. The jailer came and stooped down and washed their stripes. Conversion means change. Conversion means right about face. The Philippian jailer is a changed man. Just a little while ago he fastened them in the stocks. With an oath he may have turned upon them. Now he is gentle, now he is ready to listen to the answer of the apostle. Some people say that there is a distinction to be made between conversion and regeneration. They say that regeneration is God's part, and that conversion is man's part. Conversion is man's being willing; regeneration is God's giving eternal life. Conversion is a man's turning toward God; regeneration is God's moving toward him. Conversion is right about face; regeneration is God giving to you His blessed Holy Spirit. Listen to me. You are never truly converted until you are willing.

Some of you marvel that I should stand here and insist that you come down these aisles. Some of you rebel against it. You say you are willing to sit still and accept, you are willing to go to the church and accept, you are willing to go to your own home and accept. But I stand here saying, "Come!" And for this reason. I know that when you push your way down these aisles and take the minister's hand, your will goes with your travelling, and as you travel, God comes and meets you on the way.

Contrition, Conviction, Conversion, and—Confession. I find that the Philippian jailer was baptized, he and all his, straightway. Now listen to me, friends. I am in a union meeting. I am myself, as you know, a preacher of a certain denomination, but I do not preach any particular doctrine of my denomination. I proclaim the things in which we stand united as believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. I do not present a mode of baptism, but I urge the fact. The baptism of this man was his confession. I can say this too, that you are never saved, and have the joy of your salvation, until you begin to let people know it. Here is the prescription. I am a physician. Romans 10:9, 10: "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him from the dead, thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Suppose you are dangerously

ill, and I come to your room, and say to you, "I will write a prescription for you." I come the next day and find you rather worse than better, and say, "Have you taken the medicine?" "Yes." "Was the prescription properly filled out?" And you answer, "All but one ingredient. I left it out." I would have to say, "You left out the thing that would have made you better." Some people have taken only half the prescription. You say in your heart that Jesus is the Son of God, but you do not confess it with your mouth.

My early days in the ministry were spent in the state of New York. I called one day to see a physician. I had been told he was not a Christian. I learned afterward that he was a Christian in principle, but he had never joined the church. When I asked him the reason, he said that his profession kept him so busy that he could not attend church. "Besides," he said, "I am a sort of secret disciple." "Doctor," I said, "have you any real peace?" He said, "No." I said to him, "Doctor, if you will receive Jesus Christ as your personal Saviour, come before the officers of the church and announce Him as your Saviour, and then take the communion, I believe that you will have a thrill in your heart. If you do not, I will answer for you myself at the judgment." He said, "Do you mean it?" I said, "Yes." On Friday evening I saw him appear before my church officers and heard him say with all the calmness be-

fitting a man of his profession, "Gentlemen, I have long believed in Jesus Christ, but to-day I have made up my mind to announce it publicly. If you will receive me into your church I will come." The next Sunday morning, with these hands of mine I gave him the bread that represents the broken body of Jesus, and the wine that typifies His shed blood. I walked back from his pew, took my place beside the communion table, and dropped my head in my hands. I heard a step and felt a hand on my head. Raising my face, I saw the doctor standing there with tears rolling down his cheeks. "You need not answer," he whispered, "the thrill has come." I saw him in his old age when he was not far from the end, and I heard him say, "It is wonderful."

I close with this. I turn back to this story of the jailer in Philippi and read "They spake unto him the word of the Lord," and he rejoiced. Why should he not rejoice? I was in the city of Minneapolis. I had just closed a series of meetings. An old Welsh preacher followed me to the train and slipped into my hands a book of sermons. "These are Christmas Evans' sermons," he said. "He was the mightiest preacher Wales ever had. If you have any time at your disposal, read 'The Man in the Tombs.'" I was storm bound twenty-four hours on the way and I read the sermon. The man in the tombs was crying and cutting himself with stones. They put clothes on him and he tore them to shreds.

Christmas Evans describes how Jesus met him and ordered the devils to go out of him. Then he pictured his going home. The children were looking through the windows. "Mother, father is coming," they cried. And the mother said, "Close the door and bar the windows. Your father is a maniac." They closed every door and shut every window, and the children looked out through the chinks of the windows. And Christmas Evans represents them as saying as they looked, "Mother, it isn't father. It is a man that looks like father, but it is not father. He always comes bounding up the way, but this man is walking quietly." But the mother still said, "Keep every window shut; it might be your father." Pretty soon there was a hand on the latch, but the door did not yield. There was a rap on the door, but no answer. Then there was a voice that the mother had not heard in years. "Mary, Mary, open the door and let me in. I have seen Jesus and He has set me free." Christmas Evans says that they sprang to the door and let him in.

How willing He is to let you come in. Tonight I urge you to come to Christ. He waits to be gracious. He is able and willing to save.

IV

RESPONSIBILITY FOR OTHERS

“ And Judah said unto Israel his father, Send the lad with me, . . . I will be surety for him; of my hand shalt thou require him: if I bring him not unto thee and set him before thee, then let me bear the blame forever.”—GENESIS 43: 8, 9.

IT is a long text, and should be read more than once. It is an appropriate text for parents, Sunday school teachers and high school teachers, and indeed for everybody who has to do with others. It applies especially to those who have friends who have not yet accepted Jesus Christ as their Saviour. We need to realize our responsibility for others.

It is not necessary to tell the story at length. It is one of the Old Testament stories that is familiar to many. We can see these scenes for ourselves. Jacob sending his sons to Egypt, where Joseph is in power, in order to meet the famine that was everywhere except in the land of the Nile. They had made one journey, and had brought back well-filled sacks, which contained not only corn but the price of the corn returned to them.

But this was not all, they had been obliged to leave one of their number, Simeon, as a pledge in the Egyptian prison. And what was

more, they brought with them the memory of what Joseph had said, that he would not see them again, unless they brought their youngest brother Benjamin to Egypt when they came back. The word smote Jacob's heart. But the famine pressed sore, and the corn that had been brought from Egypt had been eaten up.

It was at this moment that Judah spoke to his father and said, "Send the lad with me. I will be surety for him." We see Judah in a new and better light. We see how he takes full responsibility for his brother. "If I bring him not, then let me bear the blame forever." Nor was it an empty word that he spoke. For later when the silver cup was found in Benjamin's sack, and the youngest brother is in danger, Judah renewed his plea, saying to Joseph, "How shall I go up to my father and the lad be not with me?" He even offered to give himself up as a bondman in place of the lad. This broke Joseph's heart, and made it impossible for him to refrain himself longer from his brethren. If we could only feel such responsibility for others as Judah felt for Benjamin, when he said, "I will be surety for him." For whom are you surety to-night in the Gospel?

When we were in Belfast, Ireland, a policeman off duty was resting for a little while in his home. His children were playing on the floor around him, and he noticed as he turned to look at them, that they were playing with an illustrated newspaper. In a careless glance he saw

pictures of Mr. Alexander and myself. He had been on duty outside the building, but had never been near us. With a curious desire to see, he reached for the paper, and underneath the faces he read the final plea of Judah to Joseph, "How shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me?" It was like an arrow in his soul. He rose from the couch, put on his uniform, and started out of the house, came to the home of one of my friends, sat down beside him and said, "Doctor, I have come to ask you to tell me what I must do to be a Christian. I want you to draw up a pledge and let me sign it. I saw a text of Scripture just now that I have never seen before. I have done nothing spiritually for my children. I brought them into the world and have said not a word to them concerning their souls." That man found Christ, went back to win his children, and winning his children saved his entire household.

So I am asking you to-night, For whom are you surety in the Gospel? For your own children, of course. God gave you the lad or the lass, perhaps a number of them. Are you ready to say, "If I bring them not unto thee, then let me bear the blame"? How shall I go up to my father and my children be not with me? How shall I go up and my husband or my wife be not with me? How shall I go up and my employees be not with me? When we begin to feel responsibility for others, the Spirit of God can use us mightily. One young man who takes

his stand for Christ may influence twenty others. If that young woman will turn to Christ, she may win her whole class.

As we read this story, and think of how one brother assumed responsibility for another, we may realize a little better the worth of souls, the worth of individuals. And if we did, I know that this city would be alive with men and women, parents and others, seeking those who have not yet accepted Christ. I was in Tiffany's making a trifling purchase one day, and overheard a lady saying to the salesman that she wished to see a string of pearls. Placing a piece of black velvet on the case, he drew out what seemed to me as I glanced sideways, to be a marvellous string of pearls. He said in answer to her question, that the price was seventeen thousand dollars. To my amazement she said, "Show me something better." He showed her something better. Curiosity prompted me to turn, and I was fairly dazzled at what I saw. When she left, I turned to the salesman and said, "What is the value of Tiffany's stock?" He named a sum away in the millions. Then I imagined it all packed into my house, crammed into my rooms, all the jewels that skillful workmen had cut, all the diamonds that had been discovered in the fields across the sea, all the gold and all the silver. If such a thing were possible, what would I do? I know. I would go quickly to my telephone, and ask to be connected with police headquarters. I would get in

touch with the chief of police, and say that I had in my home jewels to the value of millions of dollars, and he must surround my house with policemen, for I could not carry the responsibility through the night.

But listen. You have in your home a boy. You love him dearly. In the sight of God that boy is worth more than all the gold that has been found, all the jewels that have ever been fashioned. And yet you have never spoken to him about Jesus Christ. You have a daughter in your house, and you have never said a word to her about a personal Saviour. There is a young man in your office, and you have never asked him whether he knows Jesus Christ. There is a girl taking your dictation every day, and you have not spoken a single word to her about her soul.

Send the lad with me. I will be surety for him. If God has given you boys and girls, you fathers and mothers are surety for them. If we had all of us the sense of responsibility that Judah felt for Benjamin, we could win many young persons to God. If the Church had Judah's spirit there would be many Benjamins in our families kept for Christ's use.

But why this concern about others? Why this appeal for more earnestness, more responsibility? If this book which I hold in my hand is true, and I know it is, then every one who has failed to accept Jesus Christ as a Saviour, every one who has resisted God's mercy and

spurned His love, is lost. That is God's word. I was going through Rittenhouse Square in Philadelphia, when I heard a woman shrieking. I turned to see. She was standing at the entrance of one of the homes, wringing her hands. As I turned, a policeman turned, and we both ran toward her together. By the time we reached her fifty people were around. It was some time before we could understand what was the matter. She kept wringing her hands and shrieking. Finally the policeman quieted her, and said, "Tell me, madam, what it is." Then she answered, "My little child and her nurse were in the Square, and the nurse's attention was distracted for a moment. The child is missing, and we have searched everywhere." Then another scream, and the word *Lost*, over and over. I can understand that. A child lost! Somehow we seem to think that God's word is true when it promises blessing, when it offers guidance, when it speaks of entrance at last through the gates into the city. But it is hard to realize that the Bible is true when it talks about souls being lost. Your son, your daughter without Christ—*lost*! Your friend without the Saviour—*lost*! If you could feel this, you would feel what Judah felt. "I will be surety for him."

The moment we begin to realize the truth of what the Word of God says about souls being lost, that moment we realize that we must do something. It is as natural as breathing to

work for souls, when we know what it may mean if we neglect our duty. But we are inclined to excuse ourselves. We say, every man for himself. We are like some people in Scotland. I actually heard a man there say that he was opposed to Decision Day in the Sunday school for this reason, that he did not believe that any child under eighteen was old enough to accept Jesus Christ as a personal Saviour, and do it intelligently. You would hardly go to such a length, yet I know that many of you are saying, "A man's religion is a personal matter with him. I must not encroach on that. I must not speak to my Sunday school class. I will teach them, but I will stop there." So you go on without speaking to others. You let them alone.

Down in North Carolina, there came an old farmer into one of the cities one day driving an old-fashioned wagon. It had bows on the top and on the bows canvas was tied down tight. The farmer got out of his wagon for a moment to make a purchase, and threw the lines down over the dash. Suddenly some one shouted, "Your horses are running away!" The man ran out quickly. The lines were dragging. He caught them with both hands, and started to run; but his frightened horses increased their speed, and threw him on the ground. He held to the lines as long as he could. His clothing was torn, his face bruised. Then he lost his hold. Springing to his feet, he caught hold of the spokes of the hind wheel, but he was thrown

down again, insensible, his face bleeding. When he rose, his clothing torn to shreds, the team was gone. Finally, he saw the team and wagon coming back. Somebody had stopped them. They pulled up opposite him. When the men saw the poor wagon and horses, they said, "Why did you do it? It wasn't worth it. What made you do it?" The man said never a word. He walked to the wagon, lifted up the canvas with one hand, and pointed in with the other, and still no word. There sleeping on the straw in the old-fashioned wagon, was his little boy, four years old. That was the reason. If we realized the need of others, nothing could keep us from speaking to them. It is a man's own affair. Yes, but it is yours also. You are surety.

What this city needs is that every father, every mother, every Sunday school teacher, every day school teacher, all the high school teachers, and every one else, should have the spirit of this story, and say, "Send the lad with me. I will be surety for him."

Send the lad with me. The times are opportune for winning young people. If these meetings were on sensational lines, if we were putting a premium on emotional appeals and fears, I would feel as some of you do, that we must deal cautiously with our children, lest they misunderstand. But everything is quiet and thoughtful. There is no undue excitement. There is intense interest as there ought to be, but nothing unnatural or strained. I hold that

this is God's time, the chosen time for you, and you, and you, to turn your loved ones to Christ. It is your time too, young people. You have captured me. I spoke in the high school and you gave me reverent attention. Yes, I believe that it is your time. Now is the accepted time and now is the day of salvation. You cannot win people to Christ too young. May I say that again? You cannot win them too young. You may wait until they are too old. Many famous Christians in all history came to Christ early. Polycarp came at nine. Matthew Henry at eleven. Jonathan Edwards at seven. The immortal Watts at four. And yet you say that you have not spoken to your boy about Jesus Christ.

I can prove what I have said. Everybody in this building who came to Jesus Christ between the ages of six and eighteen, or under six, stand. Those between eighteen and twenty. Those between twenty and thirty. Those between thirty and forty. Those between forty and fifty. I want everybody who came after fifty years of age to stand up a minute. I do not want you to make a speech, but would you advise anybody to wait until fifty? Wouldn't you like to preach through my lips for a moment and say to every young man and woman in this city this evening, that if you had come when you were children, you would have been saved much, and the way would have been easier? In this audience of forty-five hundred and more, six people came after fifty years of age. The great majority

came before they were twenty years of age. You may come when you are too old.

We were working in Northern Australia, in the city of Brisbane. One of our workers was walking along the streets, and an old seafaring man stopped him and said, "Aren't you an American and don't you belong to this American Mission Party?" "Yes, I do." "Well, I want to be a Christian. I have never been invited but once in my life to be a Christian, and that was years ago. It was when I was a seafaring man, and we had been on a long voyage. We put in at Colombo. I was on the way to India, and was standing on the railway platform, when a young Salvation Army woman came and said, 'Captain, excuse me, but are you a Christian?' I said, 'No, I am not.' 'Oh, I wish you were.' Just then the train started, and I was obliged to step on. Nobody has ever spoken to me since then about being a Christian, and I am an old man. I live on Flinders Island, off the mainland toward the south. The other day I got a package that was wrapped in a newspaper. On the newspaper I saw a reference to the meetings in Australia. So I got in my little open boat with the oars, and a whole night and a whole day I battled with the sea till I reached the mainland. Tell me what I must do to be a Christian." That day he came to Christ. He did not go back to Flinders Island, but walked the streets asking people to turn to Christ. He had heard of an old man

who was dying without hope, and he went in the night, and caught pneumonia and died himself. Are you growing old? We are trying to be surety for you to-night none the less. How can we go up to the Father without you?

You know what Judah said. How shall I go up to my father and the lad be not with me? We were in Portland, Maine. The church was crowded for the afternoon service. Right in the midst of my appeal, a woman pushed her way through the crowd, causing a commotion and almost breaking up my appeal. When I went to the service that evening, the minister said, "Did you notice a woman going out this afternoon? Well, she had one boy, and he was in the high school. She was a Christian, but she had never asked him to be a Christian. As she thought of it, she rose from the meeting, and went to the high school building and waited until she saw her fine big boy coming. She asked him to walk with her, and when they had gotten away a little, she said, 'My son, your mother loves you dearly, but she has never asked you to be a Christian. I heard a verse of Scripture to-day, and it was this, How shall I go up to my father, and the lad be not with me? Oh, my son, come along with your mother.'" And the minister said, "She won him." That is what I want you to do this evening. For the sake of your children, turn. You young men facing me here, you young men over here, who paid that fine tribute a while ago to Mr. Alex-

58 RESPONSIBILITY FOR OTHERS

ander and myself, you are going to be at the head of things soon. These older men will soon be gone. What the world needs to-day is men who are right with God, men who are living for God. I make my appeal to you to-night and say, Come. Come. I want you to turn to any one who is near, I want you to turn to your own boy or girl, to your own household, and say, "Come with me."

No man's life is complete until he takes a stand for Christ. One man turns, and his neighbour will follow him. You are surety for somebody. How will you go up to the Father without the other one?

V

AND JUDAS ISCARIOT *

“ And Judas Iscariot.”—MARK 3:19.

IN all the year there is no night quite so solemn to Christian people as Good Friday. Our Lord has been crucified on Calvary. He lies in the tomb. While we are here this evening and a solemn hush settles over us, we remember that this is the first rest He has had in years. So weary He was, that when He set sail in a little boat, He fell asleep. Busy by day and by night, He has finished His course. At last He is at rest.

I am not wholly responsible for the subject of this evening. One of the ministers has suggested that perhaps no more solemn subject could be used to-night than this one. It is a story of heartless betrayal. I am so concerned that you should give your hearts to Christ. I have been hoping that the very solemnity of the

* EDITOR'S NOTE. The last previous publication of this sermon was in a volume bearing the text as a title, which is now out of print. The George H. Doran Company, publishers of that volume, have very kindly given permission for the reproduction of the sermon here. It is to be remembered, however, that the sermon in its present form was taken down by a stenographer, as Dr. Chapman used it the last time.

day would touch you. It seems to me that this story of heartless betrayal should help some to understand that to turn away from Jesus Christ and reject Him is just as heartless as for Judas Iscariot to sell Him for thirty pieces of silver. My text is found in Mark 3:19: "And Judas Iscariot."

Something about the name makes us shudder. Something about his awful story makes our faces change. Riding one day on the Southern Pacific Railway in California, I was reading the morning paper, when I saw in great headlines the name of this man of the text. I said to myself, "Some man has betrayed his trust. Some banker has stolen funds from his bank. The newspaper is calling him Judas." When I looked again I found that it was the report of a sermon that a minister had preached the day before concerning Judas Iscariot. I began to review my own sermons, and to my surprise I found that in all the years I had never used him as a warning. I began to call to mind sermons I had heard, and not in all the years had I heard a sermon on Judas Iscariot. So the sermon of this evening was born. And Judas Iscariot!

His name stands last in the list. Simon Peter stands first. The first denied his Lord. The last betrayed Him. I can see Peter rubbing his hands and warming himself at the fire. Really I believe that the sin of Peter was almost worse than the sin of Judas. I do not find Judas

Iscariot making repeated professions of loyalty, but I do find Peter doing so. Though all men shall deny Thee, I shall never deny Thee. Yet with an oath he said, "I do not know the man."

But there is a difference. Peter went out and wept bitterly. The hot tears scalded their way down his cheeks. Judas plunged deeper into sin and finally hung himself. Peter became the preacher of sermons, the writer of epistles. Judas remains the wretched traitor of all the ages. It is not a question to-night as to how far you have wandered, how much you have sinned. This is the question. Are you willing to repent? Will you right about face, or will you plunge deeper into iniquity, all the time knowing that Jesus died for you that you might live? Remember another thing. There were twelve apostles, and one of them was untrue. Don't forget the eleven. When you find yourself criticizing the hypocrites in the Church, don't fail to remember your sweet mother, your wonderful old father, your grand old minister. Don't fail to remember the millions who would just as willingly die at the stake to-day for Jesus Christ as any martyr that ever faced the flame.

Different names affect us differently. I never think of John without thinking of passionate devotion. He is the illustration of it. I never think of Peter without thinking of overflowing enthusiasms. He is the ideal. I never think of Paul, but I think of a man whose intellect was yielded to God. All he did was great. I never

think of Judas without horror. Why? Because Judas brings to me the awful picture of what it means to lose an opportunity, to fail to pass through the open door. When I see him, swinging himself out into eternity, I realize that the door is shut. There is some one here to-night. You were brought up in a Christian home. You have a Christian mother. You have a Christian wife. You have Christian children. Yet you are saying, "No, no, no." The days are passing, and the door is closing.

We hardly realize that we can do such a heartless thing as Judas did. Do you remember how Judas Iscariot kissed his Lord? But I can see some of you doing the same thing. When a man professes faith in Jesus Christ, and then denies Him in business, it is just the same. When a woman professes loyalty to Jesus, sings in the church on Good Friday, rejoices in the church on Easter morning, puts her offering in the plate as if she had done a great thing, and then socially denies her Master—it is the same thing. Judas Iscariot shows me how it is that men sell their Lord. Judas got thirty pieces of silver. You get much less, and yet you sell Him. Some men sell Him for the gratification of passion. Some women sell Him to shine in society. Any one sells Him who is not willing to follow Him at any cost. And Judas Iscariot!

What a miserable death he died. One evening in California I said, "Has anybody in this building seen an ungodly person die?" I had not

meant that it should be answered. Right near the front sat a Christian physician. Springing to his feet and commanding instant attention because of his prominence, he stopped me and said, "I have seen two die to-day, sir." Then standing for a moment shaking, he said, "And may God keep me from ever seeing another. I thought I would die myself." And Judas Iscariot! Rope around his neck, swinging out into eternity. "The wages of sin is death."

Have you ever noticed how Judas is described by the New Testament writers? Matthew and Mark call him a betrayer. Luke calls him a traitor. John speaks of him as a devil. Certain incidents stand out in his life.

Recall the Gospel of John, where Mary pours her ointment of spikenard upon the feet of Jesus, wiping His feet with her hair. That was a moment of enthusiastic devotion, such as the world can never forget. Yet Judas said, "Why this waste? Why was it not sold and given to the poor?" The Spirit of God adds, "It was because he was a thief." Matthew in the twenty-sixth chapter of his Gospel, tells us how he makes his way into the presence of the enemies of Jesus, bargaining with them to turn Him over to them. But don't condemn him. Some of you have done the same thing. You have been in the presence of the enemies of Jesus, and with a toss of your head, a shrug of your shoulder, the lifting of your eyebrows, the setting of your lips, you have betrayed Jesus.

Turn again to the same chapter of the Gospel of Matthew and see him meeting Jesus as He comes from the garden of Gethsemane, blood running down His cheeks. And Judas cried out, "Hail, master, and kissed him." What would you do if He should come down these aisles this evening? What would you do if He should stand here this evening, my blessed Lord? Did you ever hold a little sun-glass in your hand, and converge all the rays of the sun, and then let them touch your hand? How quickly you must draw your hand away. When Jesus was on His knees, all the weight of the world's woe was coming upon Him, and the blood drops pushed their way through the pores of His skin. If He were here to-night, who would dare to betray Him? But Judas did. And you might. Now turn to Matthew twenty-seven and find out how he goes back with remorse lashing his conscience, and tosses down the thirty pieces of silver and says, "I have sinned in that I have betrayed the innocent blood." Then the bitter reply of the rulers. "What is that to us? see thou to that." Then comes the end. Poor Judas. Then comes the end. Awful despair.

*"But if you still this call refuse,
And all His wondrous love abuse,
Soon will He sadly from you turn,
Your bitter cry for pardon spurn,
'Too late, too late,' will be the cry,
'Jesus of Nazareth has passed by.'"*

Why do you think he was chosen to be one of the twelve apostles? Many people have asked this question. I can ask you another question that is even more puzzling. Why were you chosen? My God, why was I ever chosen? Some of you know me a little, some fairly well, the members of the party know me quite well. Sometimes they say kind things about me, and I presume some of you think kindly of me. But I know myself, and day after day, the marvel of marvels to me is this, why was I ever chosen? Some people say that Jesus did not know. He was a clever man, this Judas, and Jesus thought that he would turn out well. When Judas became the betrayer, Jesus was surprised. Don't limit Jesus. Don't say that He did not know. Have we forgotten what is said in the sixth chapter of the Gospel of John? "Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?"

Why was he chosen? I think for a warning. It is a red light signalling danger. The Bible is full of these signals. There is Jonah on his way to Tarshish when God said Nineveh. Jonah is a warning. If He ever calls you to Nineveh, don't try to go to Tarshish. You will not get there. The Bible is full of red signals of warning. Jacob going to his old father when his eyes were dim, and stealing his prayers and blessings, and then a little later, his own sons deceiving him. Do not think that you are so clever that you can sin, and not pay the penalty. Esau is a warning. He sold his birthright for

a mess of pottage. Just what have you sold your spiritual birthright for? A night of pleasure. A day of sin. Esau came afterward weeping bitterly, but he could not get it back. There are things done that never can be undone. Saul spared Agag and the flock when he was commanded to put all out of existence. Away in the distance the bleating of the sheep and the lowing of the oxen betrayed him. Be sure your sin will find you out.

Judas lost a wonderful opportunity. This is the saddest thing about him. I was pastor of a church in Schuylerville, New York. Near by the battle of Saratoga was fought in Revolutionary days. There is a monument there. As you climb the stairway inside the monument you can read the story of the battle. There are four niches, one on each side. In three of the niches stand the figures of great generals. One niche is vacant. When I went to look at it I said, "Why, it isn't finished. What does it mean? The niche yonder is not filled." The man in attendance looked at me. He was an old man, and he said, "My son, that is the sad part of the story. That is the niche that might have been filled by Benedict Arnold, but he was false and missed it." The old man who told me has long since passed to his reward, but I have thought of that a thousand times. I have thought of it by day and in the watches of the night. Over and over I have said, "Oh, my God, am I in the niche where Thou dost want me to be?" An-

swer me, are you? Tell me, are you? God wants you in His love, He wants you for His Son. You are going to be a very restless, unhappy man or woman unless you say, "I yield, I yield, I can hold out no more." God help you.

His names are startling. He was a betrayer, he was a traitor, he was a thief, he was a devil. But to me the name that would best describe him is the name that the apostle Paul feared he might have himself. If by any chance he should be a castaway. What is a castaway? It is a man who is set aside. Just as I take this chair and set it aside. I have been using it for my comfort. I set it aside. I cannot use it. Judas was set aside. We used to have a man coming to our Sunday school in Philadelphia. Mr. Wanamaker was fond of him, so was I. I have seen him rise before our great Sunday school and I have said to Mr. Wanamaker, "If I thought I could ever influence a crowd as he is doing, I would be glad." But if I were pastor of that church to-day, or in that Sunday school to-day, I would not invite that man to my school. Why? One day there came a political temptation, and he yielded. It was a start downward. He became worse and worse and worse, until one day his wife was obliged to leave him, and sue for divorce. His boys came to some of us and said, "Do you think that it would be possible for us to change our name? Our father has disgraced the name he gave us." I saw him

not long ago in the streets of Philadelphia, a great big man, not yet sixty. But he looked like a man of eighty, shoulders bent, steps short. Set aside. Cast away. I know of another man who used to thrill an audience. He quoted God's Word as I have never been able to quote it. To-night, set aside. Deposed from the ministry. God pity you.

If you have a sin in your heart that you have not confessed, you will be set aside. The thing that stirs me about Judas is, he started wrong in such a natural way. I believe it was impatience. How often men start on the road to failure through impatience. You are impatient to be great, you are impatient to be rich. You are impatient to shine socially. All the time your children are drifting, drifting, drifting. You yourself are drifting. Your soul is dying within you. At last Judas came to feel that his life had no value left.

How heartless he was. Think of my Lord coming out of the garden. His blessed face! When the prophets thought about Him, they said, Chiefest among ten thousand. They would write about Him, He is the one altogether lovely. Think of Him coming out with that lovely face, and the blood-drops streaming down, and Judas going up to Him, and saying, Hail, Master! And kissed Him! Getting His blood upon his lips for condemnation or redemption, one or the other. That precious blood is upon you to-night, the blood that trickled down from

hands and feet and broken heart, for condemnation or redemption.

And Judas Iscariot! What if instead of going out to the scene of his disgraceful death he had waited until after Jesus had risen? What if he had tarried behind one of those great trees near the city on the way that He would come? What if he had hidden behind some great rock and simply waited? While it is true that he must have trembled as he waited, what if after all he had simply thrown himself on the mercy of Jesus and had said to Him, "Master, I have from the first been untrue; for thirty pieces of silver I sold Thee and with these lips I betrayed Thee with a kiss; but Jesus, Thou Son of David, have mercy upon me"? There would have been written in the New Testament the most beautiful story that the inspired book contains. Nothing could have been so wonderful as the spirit of Him who is able to save to the uttermost, and who never turned away from any seeking sinner. He would have taken Judas in His very arms. He might have given him a kiss, not of betrayal, but of complete forgiveness. And Judas might have shone to-day in the city of God as shines Joseph of Arimathæa, Paul the apostle, Peter the preacher. And Judas Iscariot!

VI

THE LIBERTY OF THE SPIRIT

“Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is ——”
—II CORINTHIANS 3:17.

WE say all too little, yes, all too little, about the Third Person of the Adorable Trinity. If you will study your hymn books, you will be amazed how much is said about the love of the Father, and the work of the Son, and how little comparatively about the work of the Holy Spirit. Yet we are dependent in our Christian faith and life, upon the Spirit of God. The Bible gives great prominence to the subject. When once we live where God meant we should live, we are certain to realize more and more our need of the Spirit. For where the Spirit of the Lord is, many blessed spiritual things will come to pass.

It is just this that I have taken as my text. “Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is ——” I am purposely leaving the text unfinished in this way. I shall fill it out from the Scripture itself, and that will be the outline of my sermon. When I have finished, you will be able to name the several points. The liberty of the Spirit is a wide subject and I want to make it clear.

But first let me emphasize the fact that we are living under the dispensation of the Spirit.

Some realize this better than others. The Spirit of God is here in this world in a special way. Of course He has always been in the world. But when the Day of Pentecost came, and Jesus was exalted, the Spirit of God was poured forth or shed abroad. Then was inaugurated the dispensation of the Spirit. The age of the Church is therefore the age of the Spirit. He is here doing His work in a special way. Be sure to keep this in mind.

I have a friend in New York who says that wherever, in the New Testament or the Old, you find a dove, you are likely to find some teaching concerning the Spirit of God. The dove in his gentleness, the dove in his love, is an illustration of the Spirit of God. When Noah opened the window of the ark and the dove flew out over the waste of waters, it found no resting place for the sole of its foot. Then he opened the window a second time, and the little dove flew here and there, and found an olive leaf. Now the olive is the symbol of peace in the Bible, and the dove brought an olive leaf to the ark. Then Noah opened the window of the ark again, and the little dove flew here and there and found a resting place and came back no more for ever. There is here a fine illustration of the work of the Spirit. Most important of all Scriptural examples is the baptism of Jesus, when the Spirit like a dove descended upon Him. It is a work of peace.

A moment ago I said that this was the dis-

pensation of the Spirit, and the Spirit of God is especially working. This does not mean that He was not in existence before Pentecost, because He was. You find Him in the Old Testament touching the lips of Moses and Isaiah, leading Abraham, and filling this one and endowing another with special gifts. His work is different now. It is different in this. In this dispensation He is always magnifying Jesus Christ, and in this dispensation He comes into our lives to abide with us and to glorify the Saviour. In the Old Testament it is like the dove going forth for the first time, moving here and there. In the second going forth of the dove, it is like His coming at the crucifixion of Christ, taking the olive branch of peace from the cross and saying, "Peace hath been made in the death of the Son." And the going out of the dove for the third time, is like the coming of the Holy Spirit at Pentecost. Jesus was not yet glorified.

But when the Spirit came at Pentecost, Jesus is fully glorified (John 7:39). Now He finds His abiding place in the hearts of believers. He stays here, and will continue to stay. How long? Well, the time is bounded on the one side by Pentecost, and on the other side by the return of the Lord, whenever that may be. I do not know when it is to be, and you do not, but it is a great help in our thinking. It is a great inspiration in my preaching. Whenever anybody tells me the day of His return, I know it is fanci-

ful. You do not find the day or the hour in the Bible. When the Church is at last completed as the body of Christ, when the house is builded and the bride is ready, then the Spirit of God will have finished His work in this dispensation. He will go on with the work of the Trinity of course. He is here to-day, nearer than the air we breathe, nearer than the friend by our side. We do not need to agonize to get Him. We do not need to pray for Him to come down. He is here. In this building. He has been strangely near to me while I have been preaching in this city. I have had one of the most profound impressions I ever experienced here, unlike anything I have had before. He is here, in this room. The question is, If He is here, what is His presence to me and to you?

I come back to my text, and I shall finish it in different ways.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is *Life*. John 3:6-8: "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit. Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again. The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

Now then let us see. The absolute necessity is life. People talk about their good works and their deeds of righteousness. All these are admirable. They speak about their gifts to char-

ity, and they are to be commended. But unless we start with life, eternal life, we do not start at all. The deeds of righteousness, the gifts to charity, all the works we may do, cannot count for eternal life. I believe in social service. It is fine for people to help the poor, to wipe tears from human eyes, to make burdens easier. The best thing of all is to introduce people to Jesus Christ. Start with that and all the rest counts. You say, "What does it mean to be born again?" It is the Spirit that quickeneth, the flesh profiteth nothing. The words that I speak unto you are spirit and they are life. It is such an easy thing to be a Christian if you take God's way. Take your own way and you struggle, take your own way and you are always striving. Take God's way. It is as easy as breathing.

You say, "Tell me how." It is just God's Word in your heart. Take one of His promises. When the spring comes, you cast the seed in the ground, the sun warms the ground and the seed, and the rain waters the ground and the seed. You do not have to do anything more. Just let it grow. Accept God's Word. Jesus is God's Son. He is your Saviour. Start there, and the Word will do its own work. One day, as I was preaching, I felt that I was struggling alone. I did not let the Word do its work. I was worn out and somewhat discouraged. As a minister of the gospel, I must be sure of one thing, that I preach God's Word. If I do, it will not return void. "And you hath he quickened who were

dead in trespasses and sins" (Ephesians 2:1). It doesn't make any difference how wicked a man is, how wretched a woman is, that has nothing to do with it. This is the question. Can we bring them in touch with God? If we can reach them with the Word and the Spirit, the work will be done. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is life.

I remember a meeting in Melbourne, Australia. The building seated eleven thousand. The platform upon which Mr. Alexander and I stood was eleven feet high. We were obliged to stand so high to reach the people. Mr. Alexander had a choir of over two thousand. Just then they were singing, "Some one's denying the Master to-day." As they sang, a minister whispered to me with the tears running down his face, "Do you think it will be finer in heaven? Can the music of the saints be better than that?" With this kind of a hush I arose to speak. Away over in the distance I saw a man standing up, waving a piece of white paper. This was what was on it. "Please pray for me. My wife is broken hearted. My children are disgraced. I am lost. Please pray." I told the man we would, and after I had preached the sermon, I said, "Meet me in the inquiry room." He was down on his knees when I got in, and by his side was a member of the Federal Parliament, the Hon. James Balfour, the "grand old man" of Australia. They were down together, James Balfour's arms around the sinful man,

and he was saying, "O yes, you can. Just trust Him. Take Him to-day. No matter how many times you have sinned, take Him." When he heard my voice, Mr. Balfour said, "This man used to be a member of Parliament too, and to-day he has come back." When we went back to Australia, he had his old position in society again. If I could only make you understand that the important thing is life! It is possible when His Word is in our souls. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is life.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is *Light*. See how it unfolds, how it opens up before us. "In him was life, and the life was the light of men" (John 1:4). "If any man will do his will, he shall know" (John 7:17). He shall know! "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life" (John 8:12). How wonderful it all is. The light of life! Some of you are saying, "Well, I wish I knew the way. What you say has helped me a little. But it is not quite clear yet." Wait a moment, and let us see. There is a little glow worm in South America, whose glow never shines until it starts to move. So long as it is still, there is no glow. The moment it begins to move, the glow begins to shine. "In him was life, and the life was the light of men." Cannot you see it? God will never give us more light than we can use. Just move forward, I tell you. Accept God's Word now, and confess Him publicly. That is why I

want you to come forward. Move forward, and the light will come.

But there is some one who says, "I did that, and started well, and I had light; then I drifted." A man came to me and said, "I used to be a prominent Christian. I have lost all I had. How may I get back?" I have a dear friend who used to be a great evangelistic preacher. He was caught in a wave of scepticism, and was swept off his feet. I was in a conference with him, and heard a man say to him, "You aren't the man you once were." My friend turned to me and said, "The pity of it is that it is true." A little while after that he was waiting in the Pennsylvania Station for a friend, and the train was late. He sat down and began reading his New Testament. He began in the Gospel of John, and read for a little while until he came to this verse, "I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness." He was in darkness, and his heart was breaking. A great preacher, pastor of a large church, a wonderful man. But no power. "Sitting there," he afterward told me, "I forgot my friend and the incoming train. I just closed my little Testament, and put my hands to my face and thought of my life. I said, 'I will start all over. I will be like a little child. I will forget that I am a minister, and start all over again.'" And he said, "Chapman, do you know, there flowed into my soul the light of heaven, and I have my old power back." Isn't

it wonderful? Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is light.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is—*Love*. Oh, I love this. It stirs my heart so. Patient, forgiving, loving, charitable, serving others. I tell you why so many of us fail as Christians. We have not got the Christian spirit. I tell you why we fail as ministers. We have not enough of the spirit of love. We must have it. *Love*. It must shine in our eyes. It must speak in all that we say. *Love*.

Would you like me to tell you how I learned this? I never knew much of the slums of a great city. I was reared in the west, and became pastor of a small village church in the state of New York. I met S. H. Hadley, Jerry McAuley's successor, and he told me that if I wished it, he would take me through the slums of New York. One time we started out. We went to the vilest hell holes imaginable. We came to the end of the journey, and stopped at a house of shame where Mr. Hadley had been going two or three times a week with his wife to help the poor outcast girls. We went in, and the girls were silent in the presence of the missionaries. Mr. Hadley sat down like a father, and the great tears rolled down his cheeks as he said, "Poor girls, I am just broken hearted over you, and so is Mrs. Hadley. We would like to be father and mother to you. Some day when you are sick of this life of shame, come to Water Street, and if you are sick, and die, we will bury

you." He could bend only one leg, the other was stiffened; but he got down and poured out his soul in prayer. Every girl was sobbing. I walked to the corner of the street, and was hurrying home, when I heard a sound back of me. Mr. Hadley was leaning on his cane, and saying, "Oh! Oh!" I thought he was ill, so I went back, and said, "Dear friend, what is it? Shall I call a carriage and take you home?" I have not forgotten what he said. "Oh, no! I am almost broken hearted because of all the sin of this great city." I was a young minister then. This great missionary to lost men and women reached out and took my hand and said, "If you want to move people to God, preach in the power of love. Love them. Just love them." And I know to-day, that when the Spirit of God comes into a life, there will be love.

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is *Like-ness*. We are "changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." Do you suppose that your face as a Christian mother reminds your boy of Jesus? Have you ever thought of that? You fathers. Do you suppose that if I should speak to your boy without your knowing it, and say to him, "How about your father?" he could say with shining face, "My father, he is the most like Jesus Christ of any man that ever lived in this world." That is possible. And when it is true, then we can win our children. What we need to do is to come to the place where we will give

God a better chance in our lives. Are you ready? So that when men shall see us they will say, "Jesus."

Now the very word of the text, which is a climax to all the others. Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is—*Liberty*. How wonderful it is to live for God. It is the freest life possible. No constraint. No compulsion. Just liberty. Liberty to be like Christ. Liberty to be a good man, a good woman. Liberty to do good. Liberty to go on in the Christian life. Paul says, "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free." The more completely we give ourselves up to God, the more liberty we have. When the Christian Endeavour movement was started, Dr. Clarke had a great many volunteers. Some of them he sent to various parts of the world. One was a Congregational minister, who went to India. He was in a convention in Detroit, of which I was in charge. I said, "Everybody who would like to surrender fully to God, come forward." He was among those who came forward. When he told the story to me years afterward, this is what he said:

"Up to that time it had been as if I had been writing with my left hand, writing in a difficult way, a constraining way, and not writing well. But that morning when I surrendered to God, it was as if I had gotten the ability to write with my right hand, and to write easily. I have a right-handed experience now in the

Spirit of God." How about your life? You may have it if you will.

Life, Light, Love, Likeness, Liberty! Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is all this and more. What a wonderful Lord and Saviour! What a wonderful life in the Spirit of the Lord!

VII

THE SIN OF A PRAYERLESS LIFE

“Men ought always to pray.”—LUKE 18:1.

THIS is a searching subject. I had a letter once from Andrew Murray. We all know of him and what he has done. There is no one of modern times who has gone further in the spiritual life than he. There are few who have written so helpfully on spiritual matters. In his letter to me, he used an expression that gives me my topic to-day—“The Sin of a Prayerless Life.” When I read it, I was at once struck by it. I could not get away from it. I kept saying over and over, “Am I really sinning when I do not pray?” I hate sin. I am always preaching against it. I am troubled when sin takes hold of another’s life. But is it a sin to be prayerless? So for days and weeks the thought kept running through my mind. I hope I am starting a train of thought in yours.

The text says that men ought always to pray. This is only one of many Scriptural statements about prayer. The Bible is full of prayer, both precept and example. You could not take it out of the Word of God.

I do not know a better definition of prayer than the old hymn which many of us have known so well.

*“Prayer is the soul’s sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.”*

And I quote this because sometimes we pray best when we say the least. It is not necessary that we should speak words to pray. Prayer is sometimes an attitude. Prayer is sometimes a tear. Prayer is sometimes a sigh. Another verse reads:

*“Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear:
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.”*

Isn’t it a splendid thing to know that when a temptation suddenly faces you, you can turn your eye upward and pray; that when a burden is ready to crush you, you can pray in the starting of a tear? When your loved one or friend is nigh unto death, just by the aching and breaking of your heart, you can pray? I turn to the old hymn again and read:

*“Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.”*

84 THE SIN OF A PRAYERLESS LIFE

Christians are always in danger of failing at this point. With many of us prayer is our weakness instead of our strength. Some of us ministers realize at times how little power we have in prayer. To all of us, ministers and laymen, prayer is a vital necessity.

*“Prayer is the Christian’s vital breath,
The Christian’s native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
He enters heaven with prayer.”*

I would like to tell you something that helped me when I really came to understand it. God has placed within the reach of all of us the power to be spiritually strong and great. We do not have to be rich to be great in the Christian life. We do not have to be cultured to be great in Christian experience. We do not have to be intelligent, as the schools reckon intelligence. We need only two things. We need to know how to pray, and we need to know how to bring others to Christ. You and I may have but few talents. But if we know how to use the talent of prayer, God will make us great ministers and useful Christians.

Prayer is a clear command of God. Men ought always to pray. Suppose I should put this audience to a test, and say, “How much have you prayed to-day? How many minutes? How many hours?” Of course the day is not through yet, but have you spent ten minutes in prayer? Have you spent twenty minutes in

prayer? Have you spent thirty minutes in prayer? Have you spent five minutes in prayer? Have you spent a moment in prayer? I do not ask you to lift your hands or rise. I do not want you to speak to me; but I want you to answer that question in your own heart. If you are compelled to say, "I am ashamed that I spend very little time in prayer," then in your answer I find the secret of Christian failure. Prayer is a clear command.

It is essential to Christian growth. Just so surely as you neglect prayer, you will be dwarfed spiritually. It doesn't make any difference who you are or what you are. You may be the humblest person in the church, but if you will pray, you will grow spiritually. I started my message this afternoon by saying that you can pray just by lifting your eyes, just by a starting tear or a sob. I can sum it up in this: we are rich in prayer just in the proportion that our fellowship with Jesus Christ is rich and full. If we allow any one thing to stand between us and Him, then the fellowship is broken.

Prayer is communion with God. It is a delightful thing to have communion with each other. There are persons who help me to be better when I talk with them. I am stronger for what they say. If I touch their hands, I am girded with new strength to live the Christian life. But think of what prayer is! You business men, be alone with God five minutes in the

86 THE SIN OF A PRAYERLESS LIFE

day. You can spend ten minutes in prayer, you busy women. If there is some perplexity coming, you can go into one of your rooms, and get down on your knees, and pray. Just in the proportion that we are in communion with God in prayer, are we living as God wants us to live.

We began our meetings in Belfast on a very rainy day. Mr. Alexander went ahead of me to the Assembly Hall, and I was waiting for the secretary of our committee to come and take us. When he came, we stepped into an old, rickety cab, and went out into a blinding rain storm. I do not know when I had been so forlorn. I did not know how the people would receive an American evangelist. I was fairly trembling, and the rain on the outside made it worse. The old cab depressed me, the stony streets made me tired. I sat on the back seat of the cab, and all of a sudden the secretary, who was a minister, and who afterward became one of the moderators of the Irish church, leaned forward and, putting his hand on my knee, began to pray. I can give you his prayer almost word for word. "Blessed God, our dear friends are having their first night in Belfast, and they are having it in a storm. They begin their ministry this evening. Blessed God, make them feel very much at home. Pour out Thy Spirit upon them and give them a great victory." I tried to see through my tears, and the old cab seemed to be filled with glory. My friend the minister, in

front of me, was still leaning forward, the tears glistening in his eyes. From that moment I have loved him devotedly. Prayer bound us together. Oh, there is no fellowship like the fellowship of prayer.

If ever there is a barrier between you and your friend, pray it down. If there is a lack of harmony in your home, pray it out. If you have confusion and strife anywhere, take time for prayer. I do not know of anything that promises so much in the way of peace and communion as this text. Men ought always to pray. If we knew how to use prayer for all times and occasions, there would come a new mastery of power among us.

Then let me suggest this. We shudder at the thought of sin. I know I do. I know you do. Take the most delicate, refined woman here and suggest sin to her, and instantly her mind turns to the thought of impurity or some other very evident sin. If she were made to understand that to be prayerless is to sin, her face would flush and she would be troubled. Yet that is true. It is absolutely true. You have wandered, you have drifted, you have lost interest in the Church, you have been tempted to give up the Bible and try some "ism" of the time. The old things seem to have failed. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the trouble is, you have stopped praying. Just so surely as I could lead you back to prayer, I could lead you to the place where the Bible would have its old power, where

88 THE SIN OF A PRAYERLESS LIFE

Christian living would have its old thrill, where the minister would have his old grip upon your heart. Prayer! Men ought always to pray.

Let me tell you some more things about prayer. It must be in the right spirit. "Be ye therefore sober, and watch unto prayer" (I Peter 4:7). Literally, do not be intoxicated when you pray. You say, "What a strange text. Why, I have never been intoxicated." I am not so sure. Have you always been sober in prayer? When I moved from Philadelphia to New York, there came to my study a business man whom I knew slightly. I had heard that he had become immensely wealthy. He said, "I have moved to New York, and I am going to join your church. I want to put myself under your direction. I want my life and my money to count for Christ." About three months afterward, the same man came again. When he entered, he shut the door and turned the key in the lock. His lips began to tremble as he said, "I have come to ask you to pray for me. I am losing out. I am drifting. I am losing my grip on prayer. I am intoxicated with wealth and I have lost touch with God."

People say to me sometimes, "How soon are you going to preach against dancing? When are you going to talk about cards?" They usually mention other things I ought to preach about. I will tell you. When the doctor comes and finds you very sick, he considers the symptoms of your trouble; but he does not treat the

symptoms, he treats the thing that has caused it. I know the reason why so many have failed in the Christian life, why so many have lost out in service. I know why many are dissatisfied. They become intoxicated with the world. There is too much worldliness even in our prayers. I will say enough about these popular things in due time. I am going to say them as I see them as a minister. But I know that the fundamental reason for drifting in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is this, people stop praying, or they pray with their eyes on the world rather than on God.

I would like to recommend another test to you in connection with prayer. "Study to be quiet" (I Thessalonians 4:11). I like the meetings when there comes a hush upon us. Then I can talk to you as if I were in your own home, or in mine. I am not thundering out at you. I am just talking plainly to you. There is too much rush, too much confusion and hurrying in the Christian life. Busy here and there, just trifling. God speaks His best when we are still, just as the dew falls when everything is quiet, not when the wind is blowing. This is why I have given you this text of Scripture. Study to be quiet. Mr. Spurgeon had a quaint way of saying, "When you have the ear of the King, speak my name to Him." And he used also to say, "I pray best when I am most quiet."

Mr. Alexander and I were holding meetings in Shrewsbury, England. We were having a

discouraging time. I could not get them to come forward, I could not get them to lift their hands. One day I had a message from a missionary from India, saying, "I have as my guest an American missionary." His name was Hyde. Some of the ministers may know him. It was he who prayed into existence the great Punjab revival. They called him "Praying Hyde." He came back from India by way of Great Britain and was stopping with this missionary. The message went on to say, "He is going to come over to Shrewsbury to help you. Do not meet him at the train. Do not get a room for him. Do not provide anything. Just remember he is there, and he is going to pray." He arrived one evening about five o'clock. When I rose to preach, the atmosphere was changed. I saw sixty people come forward at my invitation. We stayed five days longer and saw people swept into the Kingdom by the hundred. I never saw the missionary until I was leaving. I sent for him. He came to my room in the hotel. I said, "Won't you pray for me?" I got down on my knees and waited, thinking that he was going to burst into prayer. I was on his left side, and he put his arm around me. We waited five minutes. I could hear his heavy breathing. Then I opened my eyes and looked at him, with his face upturned to God. Soon he offered this prayer, "O God, here is a man who needs a blessing. He works very hard. Sometimes he feels very discouraged. Put Thine arms of

blessing around him and hold him." Then we were still for five minutes more. He rose from his knees and, with a hush in his voice, said "Good-bye." I have never been the same man since. What we need as Christians is this. Study to be quiet. Be alone with God. Whisper to Him, and He will talk back to you. We make all too little of prayer.

There is a passage in Luke's Gospel that I want you to remember. Luke 6:12-16. Our Lord Himself is the best example of prayer. Great events occurred with Him when He prayed. When Jesus was praying, the Holy Spirit descended. We shall succeed in this meeting just in proportion as we pray. The prospects are as bright as I have ever seen. I know when the break is coming. When I begin to get requests for prayer, when I begin to get letters from fathers and mothers, full of interest, almost agony, I know that the flood-gates will soon open. We are told in this passage in the sixth of Luke, that it was after a night of prayer that He chose the Twelve. It was after He had prayed that Peter confessed Him. Luke 9:18-20. I believe in organization. I believe that it is pleasing to God. But it is a foolish thing to put organization ahead of spiritual power. Power comes by prayer, not by organization. It was when He prayed, that He was transfigured. Luke 9:28-29.

Let me suggest a topic for Bible study. "Jesus' Habits of Prayer." "And in the morn-

92 THE SIN OF A PRAYERLESS LIFE

ing, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed." That is Jesus. I can see Him going out in the morning to be alone with His Father. How did you begin to-day? Stop and think. Listen. The day that begins with prayer goes on to power. The day that begins without it goes on to confusion. If Jesus had to start the day with prayer, so must I. Jesus prayed after His miracles. I have a friend in heaven who used to say that it takes a great deal more grace to use a victory than to gain one. The most dangerous time for a Christian is the day that follows his victory. Jesus prayed before the miracle, and He prayed after. He always prayed.

Some of you men could do wonders if you would pray. I had a very conservative officer in my church in New York. He was a banker. One day I said in the pulpit what I am saying here. It doesn't make any difference what your troubles are; pray, and you will be delivered. I went to his office, and in his private office window was a card about the size of my Testament. I usually had an immediate entrance when I called upon him, but that day I waited half an hour. When I went in I said, "I don't think you ought to keep me waiting so long, when you sent for me." He drew me down by him and said, "You told us the other Sunday that if we had any trouble, the great thing was to pray. It isn't so easy to be a banker and a

Christian. I was facing a trial, so I put a white card in my window. When my secretary sees it, nobody gets in." He was as far from being an emotional man as any one could be, but putting his hand on my knee, he said, "I have learned that there is not a trial in a banker's life but that He can meet it."

When Jesus prayed, He raised Lazarus from the dead. John 11:41. I received a letter once, and in the letter was a post-card. The writer said, "Will you write on this card the rules for soul-winning?" I have a book of five hundred pages by Dr. Torrey on soul-winning, and this man wanted me to write on a post-card. I used to think we began soul-winning when we learned verses of Scripture. Now I know we begin when we know how to pray.

"As he prayed, the fashion of his countenance was altered" (Luke 9:29). This is beautiful. A young minister came to me yesterday afternoon and said, "It was the influence of meetings like these that brought me into the ministry." That always touches me. I do not know anything equal to having a minister come and say that I had helped him. Whenever I went to hear Moody, I used to take my note-book and put down his illustrations. Then I might go back to my church and say, "I am going to preach one of Moody's sermons." I can tell you something better than putting down any of my illustrations, though you are welcome to them. Learn this lesson to-day, my brethren in the

94 THE SIN OF A PRAYERLESS LIFE

ministry. Learn it. Prayer! So that as you pray, even the fashion of your countenance will change, and the people sitting in the pews will say, "He is different. He has got something new, though he is the same minister." If I could lead you to this, this hour would be marvellous.

I close. You know Christmas Evans. That wonderful Welsh preacher lies buried in the same grave with a minister whom he loved devotedly. These two old ministers in Wales had said to one another, "If you die first and they place you in the tomb, I will ask them to place me there too; when the Lord comes and the graves are opened, and the dead are caught up to meet Him, how fine it will be for us who preached the Gospel together to join hands and go up together to meet Him." Isn't that beautiful? They missed Christmas Evans from the pulpit one day. They searched for him everywhere, but could not find him. The church officers searched for him, but he did not come. The people of the church went to look for him, but he could not be found. One of the officers went to the tower room, and heard voices inside. He came and said, "I have found him, but he is talking with somebody." They said, "Go back and listen, and perhaps you can tell who is with him." When he went back he heard Christmas Evans say, "I will not go down. I have made up my mind never to go alone. I have gone alone too many times. Never again.

Never again." And the man came back and said, "I know who is with him." For thirty minutes the people waited, and at last Christmas Evans came down. As he climbed the little spiral stairway, his face was all aglow and the tears were running down. He only got as far as the text, when back in the distance some one cried out, "What must I do to be saved?" It is this that we need. Prayer! Pray without ceasing. To be prayerless is to sin.

VIII

THIS YEAR

"This year thou shalt die."—JEREMIAH 28:16.

THESE words have a solemn sound. Any way you take this text, it is a serious one—one that is likely to stay in memory. It was first spoken of a man in Jeremiah's day whose life was untrue. We need not spend time with the long-ago Hananiah. The words that were spoken to him apply to many. There can be no doubt that this year will be the last for some. Here is an audience of several thousand souls. And the law of nature authorizes me to say, "This year thou shalt die." What we know about averages as applied to human life makes this very sure. It may be the most unlikely, the most unexpected one. It is likely to be an older person. But it may be a younger person. It may be the man who is preaching to you. No one can tell.

But I do not wish to speak alone of physical death. There are other ways of dying that are recognized in the Scripture. I do not hesitate about speaking to men of actual death. Indeed we ought to think about it a good deal. It should never become a familiar subject. It should always give us a great sense of solemnity. But this is not all. There are other kinds of

death that we have to fear this year and every year that we live.

First then I want to speak to you about *death to spiritual power*. When the apostle John wrote to the seven churches, he said a sad thing to one of them, the church in Sardis, "Thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead" (Revelation 3:1). This is something that may come to pass in this year of our Lord, the death of spiritual power. It began, it may be, long ago, and unless you check it, it will go on. This year thou shalt go on dying in spiritual power. And the question is, When shall the end be?

The death of spiritual power begins with the individual. *Thou*. There is a tendency to criticize the Church. The Church is blamed for many things. Let us criticize the individual. The Church is what we make it. If we would have a spiritual Church, let us begin by being spiritual. If we would have a Church on fire with a passion for souls, let us cultivate this spirit ourselves. If we would have a Church that is a rebuke to all who live in fellowship with the world, let us come out from the world and be separate. The individual is responsible. If we die spiritually, how shall the Church be alive? Don't criticize the Church. Think of yourself. Have you a name that you live and yet you are dead?

Years ago there was an old minister who used to hold a strange sort of service in his church once a year. He would stand up in his pulpit

on Sunday morning, and read the names of patriarchs, prophets and judges. Then he would say, "These men are dead." Next he would read the names of historians, poets, artists, and would say again, "These men are dead." Finally he would read the names of many who used to sit in the pews, church officers, heads of households, members, then he would say solemnly, "These are all dead." Then he would preach on the shortness of time and the nearness of death.

But I stand here to say that there are many who are spiritually dead. Once they were alive in their hearts, but now they have a name that they live and are dead. And how shall it be this year? Shall spiritual death still hold sway among us? We have known of some of these. You were a minister once, it may be, called and ordained of God to preach the Gospel. To-night you are here shorn of spiritual power, and your heart is breaking. You were an officer in the church, an elder, deacon, steward or warden. Your name stood for righteousness, purity, honesty. To-night you sit here with a heavy heart. You have lost your influence in society, in the Church, in your own household. Perhaps you were a Sunday school teacher and you had power with young hearts. All you needed to do was to speak earnestly to children and youth and they were moved. Your life spoke louder even than your words. But now—a name that you live but dead.

What an influence a teacher can have. My teacher was a little old-fashioned woman. My father was a Presbyterian but my mother was a Methodist. After my mother's death, as a tribute to the faith that she had, my father always insisted that we children spend a part of the day in the Methodist Sunday school. One day when a minister was pleading with young people to stand up and confess Christ, my little old-fashioned teacher spoke very quietly and said, "Stand up." But I did not rise. Then she leaned around and put her fingers under my elbow and lifted. I can go to the very spot in the Sunday school where she sat crying, and where I said as a boy with tears running down my cheeks that I would accept Christ. You were like that, and to-day, worldly, shorn of power, you have a name to live and are dead.

What is true of the individual is true of the Church. There are churches that I know of where this is true. You have an eloquent minister, the pews are filled, every sitting taken. You have a great choir and no financial problems. Yet the church is spiritually dead.

It is hard indeed to be saved in such a place because the Spirit of God is not given the place of leadership. I once heard A. J. Gordon of Boston say that he never permitted his church to take any kind of action until he and his deacons and his representative church members waited upon God to seek divine approval. Sometimes because the Church is in touch with

the world, and out of touch with God, it has no power. It is dead. Often too the Church is without power because it has no real passion for souls. If I could lead you as Christians to the place where you would begin to be in an agony for your friends, where you would speak to your own households, where ministers would break down in their pulpits, where business men would be stopping other business men on the streets, where Christian employers would begin to call their employees together for prayer, I believe that we would see here the greatest revival we have ever known.

A crowd is no indication of a victory, a throng is no proof of the presence of God. Sometimes the Church loses its power because it is looking for crowds instead of crowns. Somebody in the pews stands between the minister and power, between the people and power. I have heard people say that because of a minister the church is not succeeding. Sometimes this is true, but in the majority of cases it is not true. The minister may stand in his pulpit and preach with a broken heart. But he fails. He may go home to toss sleeplessly on his bed until Monday morning comes. He knows that he has failed. Why? Well, I will tell you.

I had the privilege of recommending to a great church, a man who was a successful evangelistic preacher. He rarely preached without people being converted. He went to this big church, and for a few Sundays he had a big

crowd. Then the audience dwindled into small proportions. He stood it for a year and then sent for me. When I reached the house his wife had been sent away, although she did not know the reason. The servants were gone, and they did not know the reason of their going. He wanted that we should be alone. He was a great strong man, larger and taller than I. He sat in his library with his head on his arms, crying as if his heart would break. Then he spoke. "I have sent for you to tell me the truth," he said. "You know me. If my failure in this church is due to myself, I want you to tell me. God knows I would give my right hand to have my old power. I would be willing to have my eyes plucked out and go blind, if I could feel the thrill once more." I stood looking. I knew not what to say, for I knew that he was true. I went back to New York. Three days later I picked up a New York paper and saw in it the name of his Sunday school superintendent, an officer in his church, and I read that he was dead by his own hand. He was a defaulter to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and for thirteen years he had been leading a double life. He had been sitting in the pews, and there had been great ministers in the pulpit, and every sermon they would preach, he would kill. I sent no word to my friend, although I loved him. I heard about him the next Sunday. He rose and announced the death of this man and said, "I loved him and

I cannot attempt to preach. I will just dismiss you." But when he went into his pulpit the following Sunday morning, the church was filled and the old time power was back. It has been back ever since. And do you know, I think that if in these days in our country we are to have a sweeping revival of religion, we must cry out as members of the Church, "Search me, O God, and know my heart." A name to live and yet dead.

It is a solemn thing to remember that there is another kind of death that may come to pass this year. This year thou shalt die. It is the death of sin, death in sin, that is suggested. "The wages of sin is death" (Romans 6:23). God has done everything that He can do. He has spoken in the Old Testament, He has sent His Son in the New Testament, and He has sent the Holy Spirit to make His Son real, and to make the preaching of the Gospel powerful, and you have done nothing but resist.

How old are you? You answer, "Fifty years old." When did you get your first invitation to be a Christian? You say, "When I was a boy of ten." For forty years you have been saying "No," some of you longer. Ministers have plead, and friends have prayed. Sometimes a boy becomes concerned for his father, as a boy did in another town. I was just ready to preach and some one said, "There is a little boy who wants you to pray." This was the note that was sent up. "Please pray for my papa. A little

boy." I prayed for the father, and the next night I got another request for prayer for the same man. This note said that the little boy had gone home and cried himself to sleep because his father did not come. When I read the second request, and made my appeal a little later, down the side aisle came a girl and a little boy, leading a big man, the boy crying, and the father sobbing. When the father came and took my hand he said, "I am the father. I couldn't hold out against my boy." Yet you have resisted, have gone on resisting, while God has been saying, "Turn, turn."

You know the story of the boy who was gathering eagles' eggs. He had a rope round his waist, and he was down on his hands and knees to reach the eggs. Suddenly the rope became untied and swung out, and there he was on the ledge. He could not make any one hear and the rope was too far to reach. The wind came up and blew the rope toward him. It came nearer and nearer, then the wind died away. It started the second time, and again the wind was still. Then the third time the wind started. The only time I ever heard John B. Gough he told this story, and I remember how he told us that the boy sprang out and caught the rope, and climbed to safety. To-night the rope is at your hand. It is at your hand. You could be saved if you would. This year thou shalt die. The wages of sin is death.

I turn for just a moment to speak of physical

death. I do not mean to harrow your feelings. This death may be the nearest. Let me appeal to your reason. If there were between you and the unending eternity, just one heart beat, what matters it if you are saved? Your friends will gather about you, your father and mother, your brothers and sisters, and say, "Good-bye, I shall see you yonder." You will try as best you can to speak, and with good cheer you will say, "Farewell, we shall soon meet again." But what if you are unsaved? Oh, to have no hope, no Christ of Calvary, how dark that day would be.

May I close with this? I said to a distinguished Presbyterian minister in Chicago, "How were you saved?" "I was saved by means of a story," he replied. I said, "If a story saved you, let me tell it to others." This was the story he told me. A man was sent away to the Adirondack mountains because he was tubercular. Up there in the woods he became discouraged, and without waiting for the climate to help him, he telegraphed that he was coming home. The folks at home failed to get the message. It was a cold wintry day and at night the roads were drifted full of snow. He reached the station but it was closed. His house was the nearest and that was miles away. Coughing himself almost to death, he started battling through the snowstorm back home until he came to the roadway leading up to his house, passed through the farm gate, and up the road

until he reached the garden gate, through the garden gate and up to the house. There he staggered and fell. Dr. Hall said that when they came out in the morning they found him covered with snow. He was dead. My friend said, "I rose from the church where the minister was preaching and walked down the aisle and found my mother, and told her that I was going to take Christ."

This year thou shalt die. Oh, to-night, to-night, take my Saviour. Right here where you are sitting, you can say, "I will take Him." Romans 10:9 and 10. It does not matter how many times you have sinned. Take Him. If you will confess Him and turn from sin, He will save you. Say now, "I will take Him to-night."

IX

THE THREE CROSSES *

“Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led him away. And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha; where they crucified him, and two other with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.”—JOHN 19: 16–18.

IT is my hope that the diagram will help many of us to come to a better understanding of sin and salvation, as I speak to you to-night about The Three Crosses. It may be that some who are not here will see the diagram, and it will preach a sermon even to the absent. Will you who are before me watch the diagram carefully while I read to you the Scripture?

The first cross. Psalm 51:5: “Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.” *Sin in him.* Romans 3:9: “What then? Are we better than they? No, in no wise: for we have before proved both Jews and Gentiles, that they are all under sin.” *Sin on him.*

The third cross. Romans 7:17: “Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth

* EDITOR'S NOTE. In preaching this sermon Dr. Chapman made use of a card with a diagram showing the three crosses. A reproduction of this diagram is here given.

THE THREE CROSSES

—TION



Sin in Him

Ps. 51 : 5

—TION



No Sin in Him

I Pet. 2 : 22

II Cor. 5 : 21

I John 3 : 5

—TION



Sin in Him

Rom. 7 : 17

Sin on Him

Rom. 3 : 9

Sin on Him

Isaiah 53 : 6

No Sin on Him

Rom. 8 : 33

“Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus and led him away. And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha ; where they crucified him and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.”

—John 19 : 16-18.

in me.” *Sin in him.* Romans 8 : 33 : “Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect? It is God that justifieth.” *No sin on Him.*

The center cross. In all reverence let us turn to the center cross. I Peter 2 : 22 : “Who did no sin, neither was guile found in his mouth.” II Corinthians 5 : 21 : “For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin.” I John 3 : 5 : “He was manifested to take away our sins ; and in him is no sin.” *No sin in Him.* Isaiah 53 : 6 :

“The Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.” *Sin on Him.*

Let us read the text again. “Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus, and led him away. And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha; where they crucified him, and two other with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.”

A hush comes over us as we read these solemn words. Shut your eyes for a moment without a prayer. Imagine yourself at Calvary, see the cross on the left and the one on the right. Then look at the cross in the center. Now pray for me as I speak.

“*There is a green hill far away,
Without a city wall;
Where the dear Lord was crucified,
Who died to save us all.
There was no other good enough
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.*”

The trial is over. The mob has triumphed. Pilate has scourged Jesus. His hands and feet fastened, a Roman flagellator stood with thongs upraised. With a swish they descend upon His blessed back. Cunningham Geike says that there could not have been a space as wide as your two fingers that was not cut with the thongs. Then they led Him away, every nerve

throbbing, every muscle aching, through the gate of the city they led Him, bearing His cross, till they came to the summit of Calvary's hill. Not a word did He utter. "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb."

Up the side of Calvary He staggers, weary and worn. Suddenly He faints. The old legend of St. Veronica says that one of the women following Him took a piece of linen and wiped away the blood and sweat from His face. She took the piece of linen to His mother, says the legend, and when she showed it to her, the imprint of His face was there. Finally He is at the place of the crucifixion. The preparations are quickly made. You can hear the thud, thud, of the hammer, the nails splintering their way through His hands and feet to the wood. They lift the implement of torture, and drop it with a dreadful sound into the hole prepared for it. He sinks beneath His own weight, and the weight of your sin and mine. We stand with head bared and heart deeply moved, and with tears flowing, in the presence of the center cross on Calvary.

The center cross is the central figure in history. It separates the two thieves. It has been a dividing instrument every day since. Here in this city where you have so many beautiful things, the center cross is still dividing. On the one side parents, on the other children. On the one side a husband, on the other a wife. On the one side a friend, on the other a friend

unsaved. The poet tells us of a couple who married and started out in life. A little stream runs between them. They clasp hands and start on the journey. The stream widens, their hands are unclasped; but they see each other's faces and hear each other's voices, and are still happy. The stream becomes a river of great width, and they cannot hear or see one another. The river becomes a sea and they are utterly separated. I lift up before you this evening the center cross, and say, "If it is dividing you and your household, in God's name lift your eyes to Him and cry, 'Have mercy, have mercy'!"

Three deaths are described in the three crosses. First cross, death in sin. Third cross, death in the faith. Center cross, death from sin. Your death will be either the first or the third. One or the other. Every person in this building this evening will be obliged to say, "My death is typified in this or that." No one can decide but yourself. If I could decide it for you this evening, I would walk these aisles with streaming tears, and lay hold upon your hand and draw you with an irresistible power. I would never leave the building until the last sinful man or woman had turned his or her face to Jesus Christ.

Where shall we start to study? Let us stop at the first cross. That is sin when it is finished. It began in a simple way, perhaps indifference or prejudice, perhaps intellectual stubbornness. But it went on growing and increasing, until at

last it has actually resisted Jesus Christ on His cross. You never intended to say, "No," to the suffering Saviour of the world. This is sin when it is finished. It means eternal death.

Stop at the third cross. The sin of the man on the third cross is as black as the sin of the man on the first cross. Perhaps they were companions. They journeyed together: they sinned together. At length they came to their crosses on Calvary each to pay the penalty of offended law, of outraged society. They hung together there, dying as they ought to die. Suddenly the man on the third cross turned his face and let his heart go out for a second, crying out to the dying Saviour, "Have mercy upon me!" There they are, the two thieves one on either side of Christ.

I know no other story for sin than Christ and Him crucified. Until I die I shall tell no other. Night after night in this building I have spoken of His atoning sacrifice, I know of no other remedy for sin. But to-night I say that the atoning sacrifice is not enough. Here on his cross is one man dying in sin. Here on the other cross is another man dying in sin. The Saviour is near, as near to one as to the other. One refuses; the other chooses. And I say to those who have said "No" to God, to those who have resisted His mercy, to those who have trampled His blood beneath their feet, "To-day, to-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart."

Now stop at the center cross. Listen while from the lips of Jesus come His seven cries, like seven windows through which His deity flashes. "Father, forgive them." "To-day shalt thou be with me." "Behold thy mother." "Eloi, eloi, sabachthani." "I thirst." "It is finished." "Father, into thy hands." Over in Scotland there was a great preacher who said that he believed that when Jesus came to His last sayings on the cross, His lips were parched and His tongue was thick. He knew that He could speak only in a whisper, and so He said, "I thirst." They wet a sponge and put it to His blessed lips, and His tongue was moistened; and then, O hallelujah! He bowed His head and said, "It is finished." My journey is ended. The revelation of the Father's love is complete. The price is fully paid. The door of mercy is flung wide open. It is finished. Take off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground. And then He left Himself with God.

Go back to the first cross. The difference between sin *in* and sin *on*. I will tell you what it is. Sin *in*. That is the old nature. That is the inherited tendency to fall. Sin *in*. That is what makes it easier to fall than to rise. Call it what you please. I call it this, original sin. I do not know anything better. Now what is the difference between sin *in* and sin *on*? Listen. Sin *on* is the penalty that falls upon you and upon me when we transgress God's

laws. Mind you, I think that earlier in the meeting I said, we never break God's laws. You never have broken God's laws. You can as easily stop the earth swinging on its axis as to break His laws. But you can break yourself against His laws, and when you do, it is sin on. Note the progress. Beginning in indifference, ending in railing. It is all against God. Reformation cannot touch it. Resolution cannot reach it. Men have been saying in this building night after night, "I am resolved to be better." I am glad of that. Some have said, "I am determined to stop swearing." Splendid. Some have written me saying, "I shall never again be impure." Wonderful. But inasmuch as your sin is against God, my friend, reformation cannot touch it. Think, to-night you are here in this meeting without a Saviour. You are like the man on the first cross. Do you realize this?

Go again to the third cross. Just like his companion in misery. Both of them sinners. Both of them deserving death. Both suffering. Both of them with the Saviour near. Note the difference. They tell me that the agonies of crucifixion are indescribable. Both men were suffering. Suddenly, the man on the third cross turned his eyes just a little. He could not see plainly, but at least he tried to look. I have heard some of you say that you cannot accept Jesus Christ because you cannot understand Him. I have heard one man say that the reason

why he does not take Him is that he cannot reconcile his idea of Jesus with His virgin birth. This man on the third cross just turned his eyes. It was not much, but it was something. He was willing. Some of you have told me that it is hard for you to be a Christian. There is a man here who says that he is perfectly willing to confess Christ, but he is not willing to walk down these aisles. When his minister asked him he said, "It is too hard a thing to do." Look at the man on the cross. Body in an agony. Muscles strained until you would think they would tear apart. Nerves throbbing until you would think they must give way. Hear Him. See Him. Watch Him for a moment. Just a look. There is life in a look. Just a word. "Remember me." Just a plea.

The same Saviour is here now. When Jesus Christ died for us on Calvary, we were saved from sin's penalty. When Jesus Christ came into us to live in our hearts, we were saved from sin's power. When the Spirit of God comes to make Jesus Christ real, and we walk with Him, we are saved from sin's practice. When Jesus Christ at last comes to take us home, and we have spent our last day on earth, we are delivered from sin's presence.

Listen! This man is a penitent sinner. Sin in him, but no sin on him. Watch him for a minute. Eyes closing, face growing white, lips getting blue. Just a look, just a word, just a whisper. Did you know that the penitent there

was the first of all the company of the redeemed ones to go in? Did you ever hear this?

*“Ten thousand times ten thousand sung
Loud anthems round the throne,
When lo! one solitary tongue
Began a song unknown,
A song unknown to angel ears
That told of hopes and banished fears,
Of sins forgiven and dried up tears.*

*“Not one of all that heavenly band
Could those high notes attain,
But strangers from a distant land
Soon mingled in the strain:
Till he who first began the song,
To sing alone not suffered long,
Was mingled with a countless throng.*

*“And still as years go swelling by,
The angels ever hear
Some newly ransomed soul on high
To swell the chorus there.
And so the song shall louder grow,
Till all redeemed by Christ below
To that fair world of glory go.”*

I shut my eyes, for I can see farther with my eyes shut than with them open. I stop my ears, for I can hear better the things of God with my ears shut, and the world thrust out, than I can with the din of life about me.

Have you ever noticed how perfectly Jesus Christ fits into prophecy? When the sin offering was made, do you remember, it was outside the gate. Do you remember that they led Him

outside the gate of the city? Do you remember that they crucified Him with two thieves, and do you recall the statement long years before He ever came into this world, that He was numbered with the transgressors? Every statement of the Old Testament concerning Jesus in His sacrificial death is fulfilled in the New Testament. We have a perfect Saviour. No sin in Him. My sin on Him. If you will take my Saviour as yours, your sins, though they be like crimson, though they be red like blood, your sins will be taken away. Hallelujah! He takes His place between you and the penalty.

I was preaching in an Episcopal Church in Richmond, Virginia, when the rector said, "See that man there?" "Yes," I replied. "Well," said the rector, "that is the Rev. Dr. Smith." It did not mean anything to me. "He was Stonewall Jackson's aide." "Oh, I must meet him." It was at the battle of Chancellorsville, Stonewall Jackson was wounded and fallen from his horse. Two aides rushed to take him up, and they put him on a litter and carried him away amidst shot and shell. One aide was shot and the litter dropped, and Stonewall Jackson rolled off, when the other aide dropped on the ground and prostrated himself full length between Stonewall Jackson and the fire of the enemy. Finally they both were rescued. I went to the old minister and said, "Tell me, why did you do it?" "I did it because I loved him," was his answer. And my blessed Lord, the

Saviour who saved me when I was lost, the Saviour who has kept step with me in sunshine and storm, He loves you, He loves you, and He stands between you and everything that would hurt. Take Him. Take Him.

Do you see those letters at the top of the card? T I O N. A little English boy went home from school and said to his father, "A man came to school to-day and he had on the board a dash and then 'T I O N' over three crosses, and, father, what do you think he wanted us to do?" My friend said, "I am sure, my son, I do not know." "Well, he told us to fill out the letters and make a word for each cross, and, father, what do you think the words ought to be?" "You tell me," said the father, leading the little fellow on. This is what the father learned.

Center cross—REDEMPTION. First cross—REJECTION. Third cross—RECEPTION.

What will you do? I cannot tell you anything more about Him. He is able to save and able to keep. He loves you with an everlasting love. He is standing at your heart's door. He is saying in tones of pity and words of love, "Turn ye." To-night I call upon you to turn.

X

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

"Belshazzar the king made a great feast."

—DANIEL 5:1.

BELSHAZZAR the king made a great feast. There was oriental splendour everywhere that made it wonderful.

I remember standing one day in front of Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo, Egypt. You can stand there and see the Occident and the Orient. You can see the splendour of the East and the wonders of the West in a half hour. Suddenly a gentleman by my side said, "Look!" Swinging down through the crowd came half a dozen out-runners. They had trumpets to their lips, and they were shouting, though I did not understand their language. But when I saw the people falling back, and then later saw horses with harness that was literally covered with gold, dragging a chariot that was the finest I had ever seen, I knew that inside the chariot were royal people.

Belshazzar's feast began like that. But while it had a great beginning, it was suddenly interrupted by a revelation from God. The faces of the people whitened, there was the crash of falling vessels upon the floor of the palace, and sud-

denly the feast so well begun comes to an end. We hear people saying, "Belshazzar the king is dead." If these lights should suddenly be extinguished, and we should sit here a moment in darkness, and a hand should be seen writing on the wall, and each man should recognize in the writing the story of his life and the prophecy of his doom, I know what would come to pass. Our faces would blanch, our limbs would tremble, this great audience would be in a panic in a moment.

The Writer is here. The lights are on, we cannot see His hand moving, but He is writing none the less. As the coloured people sing in one of their songs, "He sees all we do, He hears all we say, My God's awriting all the time." I read in Revelation 20:11, "And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them." And the books were opened, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works. That is enough for me. If I reject Jesus Christ, I must face my works. If I turn away from God's mercy, I must face my sins. If I turn my back upon Calvary, I must turn to the law. That is enough for me. So to-night, my God is writing, and one day what He writes I shall see.

It was a great feast. Stop a moment while I describe it to you. Hear the music of the harpers. You can hardly read the story without

catching the strains. Hear the drip, drip, drip of the water in the fountains. Catch the vision of beautiful women, as they sweep through the gates in their chariots to the palace. See the throng of lords and mighty ones entering. Hear the carols, see the flashing jewels, look into the face of Belshazzar the king. Hear them as they lift their goblets to give him a toast, "O king, live forever." Wine is everywhere like water in the mountain streams.

Suddenly everything is changed. What is that? The goblets raised to their lips fall away from the trembling fingers. I hear a shriek, and see one faint. I listen, and hear the crowd cry out in alarm. I look again at the king's face: it is as white as death. He drops from the seat of power. He has read his doom. "That night was Belshazzar the king . . . slain." That is not merely an Old Testament story. It might have been told concerning many festal occasions in New York last night. The picture was repeated last night in Pittsburgh. Nay, it was repeated here when men forgot their marriage vows and failed to remember their little children. When young men forgot their mothers' prayers, when girls were unmindful of their sex. An Old Testament story. Yes, but how modern it is. Listen! It is to-day. And while these feasts are going on, God is writing, writing. If you reject Jesus Christ, you will face the record. There is no way to be saved by works. If you turn from Jesus Christ, and

stand in the light of judgment, in the light of that day your works will fail.

There are two men whom I want you to consider before I draw the lesson. There is Daniel. Notice two things about him. He purposed in his heart not to defile himself with wine or the king's meat. When a man purposes in his heart, his victory is largely won. The main question is not one of intellectual difficulty. Some men say, "I cannot be a Christian because I do not understand the Bible." Others say, "I cannot be a Christian because I do not understand the deity of Christ." Still others say, "I cannot be a Christian because I cannot explain the virgin birth of our Lord." When a man purposes in his heart that he will set his face toward God, his doubts will leave him. One step and the chains will snap.

Another thing to be noticed about Daniel is this. When Darius signed the decree, that if any one bowed the knee to any other than the king he should be cast into a lion's den, watch and see what Daniel did. He went into his house. Not a politic thing to do. They could find him there. Why didn't he steal around to some quiet place to pray? He opened his windows. A very unwise thing to do. Why didn't he keep his windows closed, and drop down on his knees and say his prayers in a whisper? He prayed aloud. Sometimes meditation is prayer. Why did not Daniel pray like that? Because Daniel would not compromise. I believe that

the difficulty with many men to-day is this, men of position, men in the shops, men in the college, women high in social life. I believe the difficulty is a disposition to compromise. Compromise is the prophecy of defeat. No man ever makes a compromise with God, that he does not fail. Some of you are saying day after day, "I am going to be better." That is fine. If you don't go the whole way it will mean too little. Some of you say, "Some day I will unite with the Church." But unless you go the whole way, and go quickly, the devil will claim you. Compromise is failure.

Now I want you to consider the second man. Belshazzar. He was the son of a wicked father. He knew it, and knowing it he did not guard the weak places in his life. He did not watch where he was likely to fail. He knew and yet he did not humble himself in the sight of the Lord. You must let me stop long enough to say that some men put over on their fathers reasons and excuses for their failures. A man says, "I am a drunkard because of my father." Another says, "I am impure because of my father." Still another says, "My mother was a worldly woman. This is why I am not a better man." These things are not true. The time has come to stop making these unjust claims. I know that we come into the world with a bias in our nature toward evil. We start in life's journey with handicaps of one kind or another. It is easy to fall. Some time ago there was pub-

lished a great book written by Professor Thompson of Aberdeen. The author refers to Galton's law of inheritance. Here are some scientific statements. We inherit from our immediate parents one-half of our tendency to good or evil. We inherit from our grandparents one-quarter of the tendency to good or evil. From our great-grandparents, one-eighth of the tendency to good or evil. And Galton states that we inherit just as much of the good as the evil. A study of lives proves this. God preserves the balance.

The trouble with you is not that you had a drunken father, not that you had a worldly mother, not that you had ancestors that were passionate and impure. The trouble is this. You did not humble yourself, knowing that back of you there was weakness, and guard the place of weakness. If Belshazzar had turned to God, God could have turned the tide back. God could have intervened, kept him from failure. It makes no difference about your ancestors, whether it was scepticism, or drunkenness, or any other evil, God steps in when we take His Son, and intervenes, pushing back the tide and holding you. Because you continue to resist God, because you will not listen to the appeal, because you hide behind your conservatism, because you say, "When I am converted, I am going to be converted in the church and not in a building like this," you stand in danger of the mighty tide. That is what hurts here. Everything is splendid but one thing. Your generos-

ity, intelligence, culture, kindliness, are wonderful. But you forget your responsibilities, especially for others. I stand here and plead until I can scarcely stand, I cry out till my voice all but fails; and you sit with folded arms. I tell you that if you sin, your sin will hurt you and your children and your wife, and you are apparently unmoved. You do not repent. You do nothing to stem the tide of sin.

Mr. Moody was preaching his great sermon on Sowing and Reaping. A man came to him and said, "I am a defaulter to the extent of a quarter of a million dollars. I don't think the law can get me, but I have a wife and two children. What shall I do?" Moody said, "Come in the morning and I will tell you." He came, and decided to go back to St. Louis and confess his sin. I know this story is true, because one night Governor Furness, who has just now gone to Russia, rose in a meeting and said, "That man I pardoned just before he died." Before he gave himself up to the law, he slipped into his house in the night time to have a few days with his wife. He never let the children know. When he reached prison, he wrote Mr. Moody this letter. "Dear Mr. Moody, I used to steal up to the door of my children's room when their mother was putting them to bed, and hear my little girl say, 'Mother, where is father?' I thought I would die. I heard my boy say, 'Mother, the boys say father is a thief, and I don't want to go back to school any more, be-

cause I love him.' I thought I would die." And he put this at the bottom of his letter. "A man cannot sin without hurting others." And, oh, to-night, with all the pathos that God can give me, and all the strength with which He will entrust me, I stand here pleading with you and say, Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die? Why will ye die?

I draw to the conclusion of my message. These goblets that Belshazzar and the others lifted to their lips and from which they drank the toast, had been stolen from the house of God. They were making a wrong use of them. Listen. God has entrusted you with a mind. You are using it against Him. He has given you a heart. It is full of evil. Given you hands. You never lift a burden. Given you feet. They go the way of darkness. I cannot think of anything that disappoints me more than this, to have men with genius and heart, to have young men with mental power, and they not to use their strength for God.

I draw this lesson. The end of the feast was very different from the beginning. Hear the music, see the dancers, hear the songs, see the flash of the jewels. Is it not wonderful? See the end. The king dead. I used to live in the Middle West. A man in rags came to a fine hotel there. He had been one of the famous men of the city. One said that he might have been Governor. I heard it said that he could have been President of the United States. He

reached for a pen with which to write his name. The proprietor of the hotel stepped forward and said, "No room." "Oh, yes, you have rooms." "No room, sir." "But," said he, "you aren't going to set me adrift? You will not turn your back on me? I have been your honoured guest in this house and I have stood in front of this hotel when the crowds cheered me." "No room." And when the half drunken man began to resist, the proprietor caught him by the coat and dragged him to the door and pushed him out. As he was dragging him along the man spoke his name and said, "You don't remember me, do you?" "Oh yes, I do. But you aren't the man you once were," said the proprietor, and pushed the man down the steps. The police came and took him to the hospital, and all the way he kept saying, "He said I am not the man I once was. God pity me. It is true."

To-night, I stand here and plead with you as I have done on other nights, crying out to you as I have cried out in other services, "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts. Turn ye, for why will ye die?" If I could, I would extinguish the lights, and I would say, "O God, write another message, write another message." I can see His hand. There is everything in a hand. The hand that wrote you the last letter, your mother's, the hand that formed this sentence, "Dear boy, don't go wrong. It would kill your father." The hand that closed the letter with this, "Good-bye, and remember

this, my son, that your father and mother never close a day without praying for you." Wonderful hands!

They carried a boy, bleeding and dying, from the battlefield, and put him in one of the tents and sent for his mother. She came to the battlefield. At one of the improvised hospitals the doctor said to her, "Don't go inside. Your boy is dying, he is in a stupor, and if you arouse him, he will die in untold agony." She said, "Very well, doctor. Only tell me which tent it is." He said, "The last one on the right." She went stealing down until she came to the last tent, put her ear up against the tent and heard his moaning. "Oh! Oh! Oh!" She had held that boy in her arms as a baby, and she knew. She dropped on her knees, slipped her hand beneath the tent and lifted it up, and put her hand on his face. And the doctor standing near told the mother afterward, that the moment she touched his face, the soldier boy said, "I know that hand. I know that hand." I know the hand that writes this. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool." I know the hand that writes this. "Turn ye, for why will ye die?" I know whose hand is writing this. "Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation." God help you.

XI

FINDING ONE'S BROTHER

"He first findeth his own brother."—JOHN 1:41.

YOU will agree with me when I say that every Christian is saved to serve. Yet there are many of us who seem to lose sight of this. If you were to put this question to all the Christian people in this city, "How many have you tried to win to Christ?", you would be amazed at the answers that would be given. A great many would say honestly, "I have never sought to win any one." And they are consistent Christian people in many ways. Strange to say, many people in the Church to-day seem to feel that it is something we ought not to talk about. If one sends for us, it is well enough; but to go directly to a person and speak to him about becoming a Christian, that is interfering with personal rights.

The question is not going to be, "How many did you win to Christ?", but "How many did you seek to win?" I had a talk the other day with a young minister who was greatly troubled because so few people had united with his church. It seemed to him that the Gospel was almost proving a failure. I said to him what I say to you, that we are not responsible for re-

sults, we are responsible for testimony. The testimony must be clearly and surely and unhesitatingly given. I am not asking you whether you have got any one to become a Christian, but I am asking, "Have you tried to win any one?"

The text is very interesting. It puts the emphasis just where it ought to be. It starts us in our work just where we ought to start. He first findeth his own brother. Mr. Moody once said that Bible reading never became interesting to him until he searched to find some certain thing. He got a concordance and found every verse with grace, or love, or mercy, or truth in it. Suppose you take the Gospel of Luke and read it through carefully, and put down on paper the instances of people being blessed by Jesus, and the circumstances under which they met Him. I think I can give you the result of my reading. There were just two who sought Jesus Christ for themselves. Then there were a few whom Jesus went after. By far the largest company were brought to Jesus by their friends. That has always been the case. I believe we could win a thousand people to Christ between now and the close of these meetings if we were to follow this teaching. He first findeth his own brother.

I have gone into many homes of sorrow and have bowed in prayer with the wife and children. Do you know the thing that has comforted them most in their time of sorrow is this,

that almost the last thing they heard the husband and father say, was some word of concern for another person. He was concerned about his family, his friends, his associates. As they recite to me his beautiful traits of character, and the wonderful heritage of memory he has left, they keep coming back to this one thing—his interest and concern for others. If I could lay this upon you as an illustration of the text, I think we could do wonders. He first findeth his own brother. To be concerned about others, how like Christ this is. I have an idea too that you will agree with me that Andrew began where the test of character is the sharpest. You have got to be right yourself. You can't win your brother unless you are a winsome Christian. Are you a comfortable kind of person to live with? How do you stand in your own home? What does your husband have to say about you, and your children, and those about you with whom you work? Go right back to the circle where you live the most intimately, and what is the opinion held of you there? He first findeth his own brother. It is a sharp test of one's self to do that.

When Mr. Alexander and I were in Wales, I remember sitting one afternoon in the home of a Welsh minister, and asking him for a commentary written by a Welshman and translated into English. I turned to this verse, John 1:41, and read what the Welsh commentator had written. There are three things you can say

about this text. He began with his own household. When Dr. R. S. MacArthur was in Rochester, New York, one of his members did business in New York, and came home twice a week. One day he wanted to reach his home quite early, so instead of going round through the streets of the city, he cut across some vacant lots which were by an old mill race. The mill race was frozen, and boys had been skating there. Just as he reached the mill race he found that there was great excitement. One of the boys seemed to be drowning. Dr. MacArthur said that his friend threw off his overcoat and plunged into the water. He came near drowning himself, but finally struggled out of the water, dropping the boy on the ground, and fainted away. When he came to, they were rubbing the boy and trying to bring him back to consciousness. Dr. MacArthur said that when the man looked at the lad, he saw that it was his own little boy that he had saved. If I could start you on this matter of personal work, if you would say, "O Lord, I want to be used in these services," the very first person might be your own child. It is a sweet picture of these meetings that I shall carry, the pictures of fathers and mothers bringing their children down the aisles to the front.

He first findeth *his own* brother. Another thing the Welsh commentator said. These two men, Andrew and John, had seen Jesus and they were talking about Him. They said to one an-

other, "Simon Peter would make a great man for Jesus," and they both started after him. Andrew was the first to find him. He knew best where to find his own brother. If you would start from this building this afternoon, and go as straight as you can go to some friend, not a Christian, and say, "I want you to accept Christ, you are much on my heart. I would like you to go to the meeting this evening. I will sit beside you, and pray for you." If you would do this, I believe that many of you who are here this afternoon would have the joy this evening of winning a soul to Jesus Christ. That is true.

The Welshman said another thing. He *first* findeth his own brother. He began the day with soul-winning. One who begins this way will keep on, and he will reap a rich harvest. I had preached along this line in Wales. I think it was in Cardiff or Swansea. A gentleman who was a member of the Church of England said, "Now I am going to prove whether that can be done or not." Afterward he told us, "I started before breakfast, and from the time I left my house until I returned to breakfast, I had spoken to eighteen people. I spoke to the boy from whom I purchased a newspaper, I spoke to the woman who cleaned my office, I spoke to the boy who ran the elevator, I spoke to the old man who had a stand in the building where my office is situated. Of the eighteen that I spoke to, at least ten said that they would give their hearts to Jesus Christ."

Do you know that all around us there are people who are saying, "Nobody has ever asked me"? I wish that during these last ten days we might see people going up and down the streets, not promiscuously, not fanatically, but wisely and earnestly, and saying, "I beseech you, come to Christ." We read about the apostle Paul going from house to house, beseeching men with tears to be reconciled to God. I have a friend who said, "I know what the matter is with the ministry of Scotland." Perhaps the same fault can be found here. "We are too dry-eyed." If we are really to find anybody, we must be concerned. We must have tears for men. Don't you think it is strange that we should be Christians and claim to believe in the Bible, and say we know it is true, and yet spend our time preaching about higher criticism? Too many believers have become frantic about the Bible. We keep the fight going. This is your mother's Bible. It says, "He that believeth not is condemned already." And this, "He that hath not the Son, hath not life." And this, "It is appointed unto men once to die." Here was our friend, getting ready to come to the meeting, his wife going on ahead because he had been a little late in coming from the works. No one knew that he was in the house. All of a sudden his son heard a noise, and went back to the hallway. There lay his father unconscious and near to death. Suppose he had not been a Christian. Suppose that had been your

husband. Suppose that had been your father. Suppose that had been your friend.

You say you believe the Bible, and you say that a soul without Christ is lost. Isn't it a singular thing that we should say these things and never tell men about them?

We were in Hobart, Tasmania. We had been in New Zealand, and were coming into the beautiful Hobart harbour in Tasmania. When we touched at the dock, the newsboys sprang from the dock to the ship, bringing the newspapers. Somebody handed me a paper. I opened it carelessly, when all of a sudden I saw in letters half the size of my Bible, *The "Titanic" Has Gone Down!* A man whom I knew fairly well was on board. A man with whom I crossed the Atlantic on the way from New York to Australia, went down. I stood with my heart sinking and my eyes too dry to cry. I stand here every night, and I know that some of these young men are unsaved. This is why I am calling out to them. Why do any of us sit in silence with folded arms? We need passion to win men, and besides this we need personal touch. He first findeth his own brother.

It is the most important work you can do. Why? Because the majority of people come to Christ as a result of somebody being specially interested in them. Let me ask you this question. How many people here came to Christ and united with the Church because somebody was specially interested in you? It may have

been your mother, or your Sunday school teacher, or some special friend. But somebody prayed for you. That was my experience. We are always paying tribute to the influence of our mothers. Many of us came that way. When some one says, "Father," it makes my heart beat faster. The majority of the people in this building at this moment came to Christ because somebody spoke to them, mother, or father, the minister, or some friend. Why are we sitting here night after night with folded arms?

There is another reason why it is so important to find others. It is the start of an endless chain. You win one, you win fifty. There was a commercial traveller, half drunk, signing his name on the hotel register. Another commercial traveller, who was a Christian, said, "Sam, would you sign your name in this book of mine?" and he pulled out a little book. There was a long list of names, and opposite some there were crosses. "What for?" replied the man. "I have my friends put down their names, and I pray for them by name," said his friend. "I suppose when you get tired of praying," said Sam, "you put the cross opposite them." "No, when they are converted." "Well, it will be a long time before you put a cross opposite mine." I do not know the name of the commercial traveller who asked him to sign his name in his book, but I know the man who signed. He became a Christian, and the cross went beside his name in the little book.

He became one of the International Secretaries of the Y. M. C. A., and led to Christ a young fellow by the name of Charles Ober. Charlie Ober in turn became an International Secretary, and went to Cornell to talk to the students. While he was there, he was much impressed by a young fellow in the audience. The young fellow was impressed too, and said, "I am going to have a talk with that man about my soul." He was a sceptic. He came out of darkness into light. The student was John R. Mott. On the one end was the commercial traveller, then a man who was drunk and became a Christian, then Charles Ober, and then John R. Mott, one of the greatest Christian statesmen in the world to-day.

You win a little boy to Christ, and fifty years from to-day when you are gone, he will be still working. Win one of these students to Christ, and when you are old and cannot work, he is setting a continent on fire. A little Chinese boy came to America, sent by the government to New England. A plain New England woman saw him and said, "I am going to take this little Chinese boy into my home and mother him." She led him to Christ. That Chinese boy was appointed a member of Yuan Shi Kai's cabinet when he became President of China. When they wanted to send over to this country a company of Chinese boys to attend the university, they sent them in his charge, and he saw that every one was put in a Christian school. A plain little

New England woman touched a Chinese boy and reached a President's cabinet. Oh, you see what a work it is. There is no investment like this, no industry with so many thrills as soul-winning. Absolutely none.

Some of you who are society women, you have the best of opportunities. I remember General Booth's story of a ship coming from Alaska. Miners carried their belts of gold around their waists. The ship struck a rock and was going down. The sailors saw the rocky shore ahead of them, and threw themselves into the sea to escape. As one miner was about to throw himself in, a little girl whose father and mother had gone overboard said, "Can't you save me?" It was the gold or the girl. So he unstrapped his gold and strapped on the child and sprang into the water, and pushed his way to the shore. When he reached the shore he fainted, and General Booth said that when he came to himself, the little girl was on her knees, pushing back the wet hair and patting his wet face and saying, "Oh, sir, I am so glad you saved me." And do you know, I think that one day, when we pass through the gates into the city, and have caught our first wondering gaze of the streets of gold and the gates of pearl, and His matchless face, that somebody will come up to you or me and say, "I am so glad you saved me. So glad." There is nothing like it. It is an endless chain. When our lives are yielded to God, when we have the spirit of Jesus Christ, when our wills

are His, when we are pliable to His touch, then we can be soul winners.

We were in Wales, and we had an invitation to go to London. The policemen of Great Britain were holding a convention, and they wanted us to come to speak and sing. We went to London and held the service. As we were going out of the city on the train, I bought a *London Mail*. I saw a statement that the bravest man of the year before had just been to Buckingham Palace, where the king lives, and that the king had given to him what is known as the Stanhope Medal. It is given to one person a year, and that one person is supposed to be the bravest man of the year. This young fisherman had come from Aberdeen, Scotland, to get the medal. This was his deed. He was on a fishing vessel as an officer. They put out to sea, and the storm was heavy. But they said, "Let us shoot the trawl, we might get something." So they shot the trawl, and as the rope unwound, it struck one of the sailors. He had his oilskin coat on, and the wind caught the coat and he had no chance to save himself. This brave sailor who won the Stanhope Medal was in the engine room, working with the engine, and his hands were oily. When he heard the cry of "Man overboard" he rushed up the steps, and leaped into the sea. They threw a strong searchlight on him, and a cheer went up for him as he laid hold of the man. They shot a line to him, and he caught it with his oily hands, but

he could not hold it. By a quick move, he got it under his elbow, and they began to draw him in. He had hold of the rope with one hand. The other arm was holding the sailor, drowning and unconscious, on his back. The oilskin was still over the sailor's face, but as the wind changed, it caught the oilskin and threw it back. Just then the searchlight fell on the man and he saw the face of his own brother. And this is why the king had just given him the medal.

You cannot have this spirit without getting somebody. You may win your husband. Perhaps you will find your own brother. You may win your own son. You will get some one. He first findeth his own brother!

XII

HE WAS A LEPER

"He was a leper unto the day of his death."

—II KINGS 15:5.

HE was a leper unto the day of his death ! It is a very sad story. It speaks of physical leprosy. The story is sadder still when we think of moral leprosy that is suggested by it.

The man was a king. He had a fine father. He himself made a great start in life. But he had a miserable ending, all because his was a life of compromise. Turn to this place in the Old Testament, Second Kings the fifteenth chapter, and read, "And he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, according to all that his father Amaziah had done, save that the high places were not removed." The people sacrificed and burnt incense still on the high places. No doubt he did many fine things, but he made a fatal mistake. He compromised with evil. Although he was a king, he died a leper.

It is scarcely necessary that I should say to you this evening, that compromise is the prophecy of defeat. I am looking now into the faces of many who have given up sin in a general way. Sin always hurts, and most of us would like to

be free from it. But how like this king we are, we give up much, but we hold on to one sin. If ever you have a disposition to compromise with sin, remember the text of this evening. He was a leper unto the day of his death. There are many people in this city, they must be here for they are everywhere, of fine ancestry and splendid education. They are cultured and refined, they are not out of sympathy with the Church, they even contribute to the support of the Church. Occasionally, perhaps often, they attend the church. But when they face the issue of turning away from sin and confessing Jesus Christ as a Saviour, alas! they hold on to one thing. They know that it is wrong in the sight of God. Their own hearts condemn it. But they do not give it up. Some of them would say that they cannot. Compromise is a prophecy of defeat.

What I am speaking about this evening is not so much the story of the leprosy that hurts a man's body, as the leprosy that hurts a man's soul. All the time that I am speaking of the leprosy of sin, I am thinking of Jesus Christ who is the physician of souls. Where sin abounds, grace much more abounds. There cannot be found in all the Bible a more wonderful illustration of sin than leprosy.

Some years ago a young girl in the state of New York noticed that there was an eruption on her hand. She consulted a doctor who sent her to her home in Ohio. Her home physician

in turn sent her back to the greatest skin specialist in the United States. He took her hand in his, studied the hand for a moment under the glass, and said one word. As he said it, the girl gave a shriek, and her mother fainted. Like the man of the text, she was a leper. Not only is it a true type of sin. It is an awful type of sin in the way it starts. Sin begins in small ways. It is insidious and deceptive, like the disease. But more than all, leprosy is a startling illustration of sin in the fact that it always touches others. I remember meeting a man in Australia who said, "I have a little boy who is a leper. His mother is a leper. His sister is a leper. They are on the leper island and I am cut off from them altogether. Sometimes I go and stand at a long distance from them and look at them through my tears." The saddest thing I know about sin is not that it hurts me, not that it weakens my will, not that it hurts my character, not that it damns my soul. The saddest thing I know about sin is that it hurts everybody with whom I come in contact.

If I should sin I would strike a blow at every minister in the world, I would strike a blow at the Church of Jesus Christ, at my Lord Himself. You cannot sin alone. Your children suffer, born and unborn. The iniquities of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. There is no mention of the fifth, because the wages of sin is death.

Suppose you were standing in my place, you would want to say, as I do, that the illustration first of all sounds a note of warning. We begin to drift from God in some small way. I can imagine a man on the streets of Jerusalem. He is with a friend. I stop his friend and say, "I know what is the matter with you, you are a leper," and I can hear the other say, "Hurry to the priest." But the man says, "There isn't the least sign on my lip." So he would be indifferent, but all the time the other would be crying, "Hurry, hurry," because he knows what leprosy is. In my travels once I was in Jerusalem, and one day I tried to get into the Garden of Gethsemane and found the way blocked with men, some of them with hands gone, some with legs gone, some with eyes gone, some with lips that could not speak, some with tongues gone. No wonder the man was concerned about his friend. He knew what it meant, the end from the beginning.

This is why I stand here night after night preaching to people with all the strength God will give me. I cry to the people saying, "Flee from the wrath to come." We are so in the habit of trifling with sin that we do not see the end of sin. I went one day into the state prison of your state. I was being shown through the institution by the warden. I stopped for a moment in the chapel and while I was there I noticed above the platform a verse of Scripture. "The way of the transgressor is hard." I

turned to one of the trusted prisoners in charge of the chapel, a young man who had been sent from Chicago. He had been asking me to take a message to his wife and children. Pointing to it I said, "That is true, isn't it?" He looked at it for a moment and his lips trembled. Then he sat down on a chair and buried his face in his arms and sobbed, "Yes, yes, but there is something else that is true, that men do not always appreciate the end."

It is so this evening. I lift up before you this text and repeat the words, "He was a leper unto the day of his death." The reason I am so greatly concerned about young people, the reason I am so greatly concerned about the students in your city, the reason I am anxious to speak to them every chance I have, is that I know how often some little sin will grip a life and drag it down. We do not realize that we are in bondage, we smile as we talk of it. Years pass, and it damns the soul.

Henry Clay Trumbull, editor of the *Sunday School Times*, had one illustration that he used everywhere. One evening he was in London and went to a place of entertainment where an American animal trainer was giving an exhibition. First of all there was a Numidian lion on the platform with its trainer. The trainer gazed straight into the eyes of the lion and cracked the whip in his hand. As a dog would cower before you, this strong lion did before his master. Next there was a great Ben-

gal tiger, lashing its tail and turning its head from side to side. But the moment it caught the eye of the trainer, it crouched down and was afraid. Now came the supreme test. They brought to the platform a great iron cage, with the animal trainer on the inside. In a moment they opened a side door and a great serpent crawled into the cage until its full length was on the inside with the trainer, with the door shut. Just to show his power over the brute creation, the animal trainer allowed the serpent to wrap itself round and round and round him, and then at the right moment he would speak the word and the serpent would loosen itself. But when the word came, Dr. Trumbull said, the man could not speak. His eyes began to start from their sockets. One shriek came from his very soul. They heard his bones snapping. They took him from the cage dead. He had bought that serpent when it was less than two feet long. He could have killed it by pinching it with his fingers. It killed him.

A man said to me the other night, "You know what my sin is? It is drink." And I said, "Oh, my friend, give it up." I have held in these arms of mine too many men in delirium tremens, I have with these hands of mine brushed away too many tears rolling down the cheeks of broken-hearted wives and mothers. Another man said to me, "Do you know what my sin is? It is lust." And I said, "In God's name, turn away from it." Lust has no respect for sex. I

have seen it grip and tear apart until the sweetest and fairest of the land were tossed on one side, doomed and lost. My heart aches when I stand facing an audience like this, and know that there are men and women into whose faces I am looking, who are listening to the sound of my voice, men and women out of touch with God. If they reject my Saviour, their case is hopeless. Sin is too strong for them.

I was walking outside the city of Jerusalem one day, when some one pointed out to me a man who had over his lips a bandage like this. He came near the highway on which people were walking. But as the people drew close, he lifted the bandage from his lips and cried out in a language I did not understand, but which my guide interpreted to me as, "Unclean, unclean!" That is the law of the land. If I were living in the far East, and should become a leper, the law would compel me to live outside the city. If my wife should sicken and die, or my children, and kind friends should come out to bear me the sad tidings, all they could do would be to stand away far enough for the wind to carry the voice and shout out, "Your wife is dead. Your children are dead." Poor broken-hearted leper. Bandage over his lips, slinking away into the darkness, crying, "Unclean, unclean!"

But what if there were a law of moral leprosy. What if to-morrow morning when the bank opens and the directors come together, some

man who had been false to his trust, false to his wife, false to his children, false to his city, were obliged to stand and say, "Gentlemen, I am unclean, I must leave." What if to-morrow morning when the students assemble in chapel, some one should rise and say, "I have the sweetest mother back in the country, and an old father whom I love with devotion, but I must go, I am unclean." What if some young man, engaged to one of the fairest and best of the city's daughters, should go this evening from this Armory to the house where his love lives, and say, "I must leave, I am unclean, unclean." What if some young girl in her teens should make her way to her mother's room and say with arms about her neck and sobs choking her utterance, "I am unclean, unclean."

This is how dreadful a disease the leprosy of sin is. But Jesus Christ is the Great Physician. He can cleanse you from all sin by His blood, and give you an abundant pardon. Don't reject Him.

No, the case is not hopeless. Blessed be God, it is far from hopeless. When Jesus was walking on the highway one day and came to the Mount of Olives, a leper came running, and said, "Have mercy!" and Jesus said, "I will, be thou clean." The case is not hopeless. A Scotch minister told me in Aberdeen that there was standing upon the street corner a socialist, crying out against Jesus Christ, against the Church, against everything that stood for re-

ligion. He was an extreme socialist. In the outside circle stood an old woman. She had gone to the depths of sin and shame. She had lost every womanly look from her face. She knew that she was lost. She was looking for help. Sodden with drink, she nevertheless realized there was no Saviour being presented. She shook her old head and said in the Scotch dialect, I wish I could imitate her, "Mon, your rope's too short for the likes o' me."

This evening I throw out to you a rope, I throw out to you God's cord of mercy, and say, "To-day, to-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts." The case is not hopeless. What if you should go on rejecting mercy until the day of your death, what if you should resist Jesus until the end, what if no minister's voice could move you, no mother's prayer reach you, no father's teaching stop you? A friend of mine went into an Indiana village to preach. As he walked along the streets with the church officer who had come to meet him, he heard a cry from a house, and stopped to listen. He could not understand the cry until the old man said, "It is the saddest case we have ever had. The man in that room is dying, a sceptic for years. He has ruined the lives of many of our young men, and blighted the hopes of many of our people. He has been dying for three days. Every minister in town has gone to help him. Some are there now." My friend strained his ear and heard the man's cry, "O Jesus, can't you help

me? O Jesus, can't you help me?" They came back the next morning, and my friend, thinking he might help, went in, but his voice was still in death.

But the case is not hopeless for you. You may drop your head in your hands just now and say, "My God, I don't care what my sin is, I will give it up—I don't care what it is that has been holding me back, I will give it up." You may say it in a whisper and He will hear. "This night I accept Jesus Christ as my Saviour." On the authority of this Book, if you will, if you will, you may be saved. Friends, I plead with you, in the name of your mother, in the name of your father, I plead with you in the name of the ministers. In the name of God, I plead with you. With all the pathos that God can put into my voice, I plead. Turn, turn, turn and live!

XIII

THE UNPARDONABLE SIN

"There is a sin unto death."—I JOHN 5:16.

TRULY it is a solemn subject—one of the most solemn in all the Bible. I always shrink from preaching about it. But there are two good reasons for presenting it. Satan deceives people, trying to make them believe that they have committed a sin for which there can be no forgiveness. If you had done so you would not be here. You would not be interested in my message. You would have no interest in God, and none in His Son.

There is another reason that is just as strong. Although I believe that most people have not committed the unpardonable sin, there is the possibility of doing so. People who are resisting God, and who keep on resisting Him, are in danger. Many do not realize it. They think that if they resist the appeals and invitations of ministers and others, they are only resisting their fellow-men. They do not see that God is behind these entreaties. To say "No" to a sincere invitation of the Gospel is to say "No" to God. That is always dangerous. There is a sin unto death.

The words that follow in the text show us just what a solemn thing it is to go on resisting

God. "I do not say that he shall pray for it." Any sin is great that is beyond the power of prayer. To go on resisting is a sin unto death.

God's Word is marvellous in every way. It is especially marvellous in this, that when once a text of Scripture grips you, you can never get away from it. You can easily forget Shakespeare, but you cannot forget the Bible. I could recite this evening from memory the verses that I learned when a boy. So could many of you. And there are special Scriptures which seem to linger with us. The text of this evening belongs to that class. *There is a sin unto death.* Here is another. *The wages of sin is death.* Here is another. *The soul that sinneth it shall die.* God is always just and fair. If there is a pitfall in the way, He lifts a danger signal. If there are dangers ahead, He sends out a note of alarm. For example, in God's Word we find this expression. "There is a way which seemeth right unto a man." Then immediately this is added—"but the end thereof are the ways of death." If any of you are ever finally lost, if the door of mercy should ever be closed against you, the responsibility is never God's. His hand never shuts the door in the face of any one. Men close the door for themselves. Hear me again this evening as I say, "God willeth not the death of any sinner, but that all should turn unto him and live." All the way through the Bible God is crying out in warning tones. At the same time He points out the way of escape.

There is what is known as the Portland Light near the harbour at Portland, Maine. It is away out at sea on a solid rock. It is so far out on this arm of rock, that you may approach it from any direction. If you approach it from one direction a red light flashes, for there is danger. Come toward it from another way, the danger signal is lifted again, for there are submerged rocks. And from a third way, still the same red light. But if you approach the Portland Light from the right direction, you see a clear white light. Keep your eye on that, and you will go past every hidden rock, you will enter into a safe harbour. So it is all through the Book, God lifts His danger signals. This is one of them, "There is a sin unto death." But Christ is "the way, the truth, and the life." Follow Him and He will carry you past every hidden danger and bring you safe into port.

If I were to take my time this evening, and yours, and just discuss the question of sin, it would be timely. Sin is devilish, sin is hellish, sin is everything that is wicked. It is awful. I hate it. I hate the devil because he has no respect for sex. I hate him because our daughters are in danger as well as our sons. I hate it because the other evening a young man, drunk, attempted the life of another almost within the shadow of the tabernacle. They got their drink somewhere in this city. They sinned when they bought it. Others sinned when they sold it. I hate sin. Because I do, if I were to spend the

whole evening speaking about it, it would be timely. Sin separates us from God. The reason you are away from God this evening is—S I N. Your difficulties are not intellectual, your difficulties are moral ones. Sin separates us from God. Sin separates us from each other.

Sometimes husband and wife dwell under the same roof, but are miles and miles apart morally. Sometimes men are so near that they can reach out their hands and touch you. Morally they are almost as far away as the north is from the south. I stepped into the elevator of a New York hotel on the thirteenth floor. I was alone with the elevator boy. We stopped at the seventh floor. A gentleman entered, dressed for an evening banquet, a bankers' banquet. We two and the elevator boy were together. The moment he stepped in, he looked me full in the face, his face became fiery red and then white: he turned his back upon me. He stayed in that position until we reached the ground floor of the hotel, and sprang out. That man had been my dearest friend. I had a breaking heart once, and he came to weep with me. His little boy was taken, and I went to put my arms around him, and tell him of the promises of the Christian. He loved me tenderly and I returned his affection. We stood in the elevator that evening, and because he had sinned against his church, against his minister, against society, against his wife, there yawned

a chasm between us across which we could not step. Sin separates us from each other. There are men here this evening who have wives they love, and children they love, and yet they are morally separated. I do not understand how you can bring a boy or a girl into this world, and let them turn their faces Godward, while you turn your back upon God. And you have done it. I do not see how you can say you love your wife, and let her turn her face toward Jesus, while you trample His blood beneath your feet. Sin separates us from each other. Sin will damn the strongest.

There came a young fellow to the city of New York from the hills of Scotland. A friend of mine went to see him and bade him come to Christ, only to have him sneer and say, "I have a character as rugged as the hills whence I came. I do not need your Saviour." He began his moral descent in New York and made it complete in Chicago. My friend was transferred to Chicago. One day he was summoned to a hospital to see a man die. He did not know the man, at least he did not remember that he knew him. When he reached the hospital the doctors refused him admission. When he stated his errand they allowed him to go in with the understanding that under no circumstances should he touch the man. In a moment he saw the reason. There, with eyes that would not shut, lips and tongue that could scarcely articulate speech, hands with joints that were begin-

ning to separate, was the young Scotchman. When my friend entered, he raised himself on his pillow and said, "My God, sir, isn't it awful?" Then he said, "Get on your knees and pray for me." When the prayer was ended and my friend was leaving, he lifted his hand and said, "Tell every man you meet that sin is too mighty for him, the devil is too strong for him." And if I were to stand here this evening, and speak for the entire time on the general subject of sin, my theme would be timely. The night is too precious.

I am talking about one sin, for which there is no forgiveness. I read my text again. "There is a sin unto death." That means that it is tending toward death. Or, to emphasize it, that it is rushing swiftly toward death. Or, to make it stronger still, it is almost at death. Still there is hope. But do not forget what it says—unto death!

A man came rushing into my room in St. Paul, Minnesota. I told him I was busy and would see him in an hour. When he came back to the room, he insisted that I should lock the door. He said, "I have committed the unpardonable sin." "Why," I said, "tell me about it." He said, "My father was a Methodist minister, and in a day of revival he led me against my will to the altar. I dropped on my knees and cursed God. From that day to this I have been sure that my sin was unpardonable. For three nights I have not slept. For days I have

been unable to eat. My wife insisted that I should come and see you." His face was drawn and his eyes too dry to weep as he kept saying, "Oh, sir, if you can't help me, I shall die." I said, "I know that you have not committed this sin." For a moment there was a suggestion of a smile on his face, as if a little hope was being born. "Tell me what you mean," he said. "If you had committed the unpardonable sin," I replied, "you would never have come to me. If you had committed this sin, you would never have had sleepless nights. If you had committed it, you would have had no days without eating. The fact that you are here in this agony, is proof that God is still speaking. He is still calling." Quick as a flash he was on his knees, and presently I saw him rise and heard him say, "I will take Him and trust Him." That man is to-day a member of a church in St. Paul, a believer in Christ unto death.

How long have you been resisting God? Some of you were called of God in boyhood, some of you at your mother's knee. You had your first invitation, some of you, as I did myself, seated in the old church, with the old minister leaning out over the pulpit. I can still hear him say, "Come, for all things are now ready. The Church is ready. Christ is ready. God is ready. Your friends are ready, here and in heaven." I had buried my mother, and I sat a motherless boy, still hearing the thud of the clods upon her casket. That was my first invitation. How

long have you been resisting Him? Ten years? Twenty years? Thirty years? Has it been as much as forty years? You have been saying, "No. No. No." "There is a sin unto death." You are in a dangerous position.

The ministers here this evening know that old story which has been told so many times. Others may not know it. A university president said to a student, "George, what are your plans for life?" "To take honors." "What then?" "To study my profession." "What then?" "To go round the world." "What then?" "To settle down in life and enjoy myself." "What then?" The boy gazed into the face of the old man and said, "Why, doctor, I suppose that then I shall die." You know that the old president is reported to have said, "George, that is what I was asking you. What then?" "Mr. President," the student replied, "I have not thought of that." And because you have grown so accustomed to resisting God, because you have grown so accustomed to trampling His mercy beneath your feet, because you have resisted year after year, I stand here this evening to say that you are in danger. "There is a sin unto death." What then? What then?

When we were in Belfast, a letter was put into my hands. "Will you please pray for a young man who cannot pray for himself, and is, of all the people listening to you, the most miserable? I became discouraged. This led to doubt, and I became indifferent to the Bible. I

set aside the claims of Jesus Christ, and having intellectually spurned the Saviour, I began to doubt the existence of God. I am still a young man, utterly sick of the life I am living. God pity me, I am an agnostic. Sometimes temptation sweeps over me like a flood, urging me like Job of old to curse God and die. Mother's prayers have held me, but mother is dead. Please pray." And some of you are like that this evening, and because you have said, "No, no, no," and say it now, I tremble. There is a sin unto death.

I never realized until the other day the seriousness of it. I think to-night I am beginning to appreciate it. In all my life I have not felt the serious condition of men as I have felt it for the last twelve months. I think it may be because of the experience that was mine just a little time ago in preaching to the soldiers. Mr. Alexander and I went to the Crystal Palace in London, and preached and sung to the hundreds and thousands of young men who were getting ready for the Front. They gave him the privilege of singing, and me the privilege of preaching. One officer said to me that, according to the common laws of warfare, one in thirty of those boys will never come home again. One night I spoke to a regiment, and now it is gone. I can see those upturned faces, I can see their tears start now. One in thirty to die. I have not faced an audience since, but I have said that some one here will listen and resist and stifle

God's Spirit. Because there is danger, I plead with you. There is a sin unto death.

Dr. Torrey used to tell of an old farmer in the mountains of North Carolina, who determined that his boy should have a college education. They toiled, scraped and suffered; and the boy went away, like many another boy, with his father and mother praying for him. He fell in with a wild set, squandered the hard-earned money for drink and other things that ruined his character and hurt his soul. One day the father said to his wife, after the boy had been away three years, "I must see my boy again." Some of you fathers know how that is. This father drove over the mountains in the old wagon, came to the college town, and was driving down the street. Everybody laughed at him; he passed a company of college students, and they mocked him. He saw his own boy in the midst. They say love is blind. At least he did not see his boy's fault, but rushed to him and put his hands on his shoulders and devoured him with his eyes, and said, "Oh, my boy! Oh, my boy!" I know this is true. The boy shook himself free and said, "You surely have made a mistake, sir." The old man left him, got into his wagon, drove back to the mountains and told his wife of his experience. He cried all the night through and in the morning he died. Heartless, you say. Yet not so heartless as for a man to turn against Jesus Christ. Not so heartless as for a woman to say, "I will not take Him." Not so heartless

as for you to turn your back upon Him, the One who hung in agony on the cross for you. I say, it is worse than heartless to reject Jesus Christ.

I want to read you a text of Scripture. Isaiah 52:14: "As many were astonished at thee; his visage was so marred more than any man." That is Jesus. "And his form more than the sons of men." That is Jesus. Literally it means that when Christ paid the price of your redemption and mine, He was "so marred from the form of a man, that in appearance he was not as a man." That is Jesus. Face marred, brow scarred, back beaten, heart broken.

Mr. Alexander has a story of an Englishman who went to Jerusalem. In the *Via Dolorosa* he bought a crown of thorns. He used to take it around to the Sunday schools and tell the boys and girls about Jesus. Holding up the crown of thorns, he would say to the children, "He wore it for you and me." In one school, there was a boy who had often broken up the class. He was a leader of mischief. This boy said to his companions, as the man lifted up the crown, "I am going to see it." They thought that it meant fun, and followed him. He came as near the speaker as he could, the other boys wondering what he was going to do. "Please, sir," he said, "can I see that crown?" The gentleman passed it down to him. So sharp are the thorns, that you can scarcely hold it with your fingers. Your fingers are pricked and the blood starts. The little fellow turned it carefully over, touch-

ing his finger first to one thorn and then to another. Then in the vernacular of the street, he said with the tears running down his little face, and his lips trembling, "Must have hurt Him awful." When I think of how they scourged Him and spat upon Him I remember this. When I think of how they laid upon Him the weight of His cross, so that He fainted, I hear what the boy said. When I think how they drove the nails through His hands and feet, I can only say what he said. "It must have hurt Him awful."

I will tell you what the unpardonable sin is. It is the constant, continual, and at last the final rejection of Jesus Christ. I do not know when you may commit it. I know you have not committed it yet. I know He is here. I can put my hands over my eyes and see Him; I can stop my ears and hear Him. He is so near. Come. You men here. Men, I tell you, you have highly honoured us in coming to hear me preach. I do not forget it. I stand here as a representative of Jesus Christ, and say to you, Take Him. Come, take Him. He will make your home so fine, He will save your children, He will deliver you from the bondage of every sin. Take Him. Up and down these aisles I see Him moving. Reach out your hand and touch Him. Come. Come. There is danger, but there is hope. I beseech you, COME.

XIV

THREE MEETINGS WITH THE SAVIOUR

“Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud.”—PSALM 55:17.

MY text is taken from the Old Testament, but the illustrations are from the New Testament, in the life of our Lord. That may seem strange to some of you. But remember that the closer together we can keep these two parts of the Bible the better.

It may seem even stranger that I follow the reverse order. You are apt to think that I am twisting the Scripture. The truth is that I wanted my text to begin with the morning. I wanted the text to say, morning, at noon and at night. But that is not the Old Testament way. It says evening, and morning, and at noon.

Mr. Spurgeon says in commenting on this Scripture that the psalmist had determined to pray frequently and fervently. So he just decided upon these three divisions of time and set up an altar at each division. The order does not matter. One who prays this way really fills the day with prayer. This is what the Bible means when it says, “Pray without ceasing.”

There are different ways of praying. Often prayer is deeply quiet, just like spiritual medi-

tation. It may be a whisper, a syllable. But the psalmist has something different in mind. He is thinking of putting all his strength and energy into prayer. He feels the need of giving himself entirely to prayer. So he says, I will pray and cry aloud. Not that loud crying is what avails in prayer. But what he wants to do is to offer effectual fervent prayer. That does avail.

I began my evangelistic work while I was a pastor years ago in Albany. I was invited once to hold meetings in one of the towns on the Hudson River. It was most discouraging. For five days not a single person came forward. Scarcely a hand was lifted. I would preach and pray and plead, and nobody came. One morning early, about six o'clock, I heard a rap at my door. When I opened it, the most conservative minister of the town was standing there. He looked like a dead man. I could see that he had been weeping. He came into my room without speaking. When he could control himself to speak he said, "I have spent a sleepless night, all the night through I have been praying. I could stand it no longer, so I have come to ask you to pray with me." I knelt down beside that old minister, an intellectually brilliant man. He started to pray and broke down, and I finished his prayer. When I came to the service that evening and preached in the same way to the same congregation, and then gave the invitation, something was different, the flood gates

164 MEETINGS WITH THE SAVIOUR

had been opened. I heard the old minister say, "Keep on, I have counted fifty." That night sixty persons confessed Christ as their Saviour.

God seems so willing to bless us here. I wonder if He does not want us to show our willingness to be blessed by the kind of energetic prayer that the old minister made. "I will pray and cry aloud."

The order does not matter. I will begin with the morning as I speak to you about three meetings with the Saviour. Look first at John 21 : 4. "When the morning was now come, Jesus stood on the shore." It is the place in the New Testament where Jesus meets His disciples who had been fishing all night, and had caught nothing. Will you bear with me while I rehearse the story?

Jesus had been crucified, and His disciples had been scattered like sheep without a shepherd. It was natural for them to drift back to their old homes in Galilee. They felt the drawing power of the lake where they had spent so much time as fishermen. You can see the scene, see them standing on the sea in the evening, watching other fishermen casting off in their boats for the night's fishing. Suddenly we hear Peter, his eyes flashing as he says, "I go a-fishing." And the others said, "We will go with you." You can see them pushing out from the shore, the water dripping from the oars like jewels in the light of the dying day. They are

away to fish. All night they toiled, exhausting their fishermen's skill. They tried all the old tactics, but not a single fish. Every time they pulled in the net they found it empty. In the morning on the sea of Galilee there is always a mist. It is difficult to see about you. As the morning came on, through the mist, they heard a voice saying, "Children, have ye any meat?" It has been said that this is the only time that Jesus was sarcastic. "Cast the net on the right side," He said, and when they did, they knew by the pull that the net was full. You know the number of the fish. You know also what Peter did. It is all so wonderful.

That is the morning meeting. I have rehearsed the story with which you are perfectly familiar, in order that I may emphasize certain things. Jesus stood on the shore in the morning, and He has been standing on the shore every morning since. Last night when you were asleep, and could not keep watch, He was watching over you. When you opened your eyes on the light of a new day, He was there by your bedside, the first one to be addressed. Answer me this question, How did you begin to-day? If your experience is like mine, the day that begins with prayer to Him goes on to victory. The day that begins with hurried dressing, forgetting Him, goes on to defeat. I know why we fail as Christians. We pray too little. We say too little to Him. That morning He was waiting, just waiting.

Consecrate the morning to Him and the day will take care of itself. Jesus is especially the master of the morning.

*“I have a friend so precious,
So very dear to me;
He loves me with a tender love,
He loves so faithfully.*

*“I could not live apart from Him,
I love to feel Him nigh;
And so we talk together,
My Lord and I.”*

It is when we know that He is so real that we can touch Him, so near that we can whisper to Him, that the day goes well. I want to emphasize this. He is the secret of power in service. You have noticed the difference between the first and the second time they cast their nets. In the first they toiled all night, and caught nothing. Then they cast their nets into the sea, and they were filled. Do you know the reason? In the first they toiled in their own strength, and in the second they toiled with Jesus back of them.

Mr. F. B. Meyer was once my guest in Philadelphia. We were comparing notes as ministers. I had a woodyard in Philadelphia where I could help men out of employment. Mr. Meyer had a woodyard in connection with his church. We both of us had good frames with the saws set in them. The men had to run the saws by hand. Try as we would we could not make our expenses. Every week we had a def-

icit, which we had to pay out of our pockets. Mr. Meyer said that one day a man came to him and said, "You are making a great mistake. Why don't you put a little upright engine back of your saw?" So he got a little engine and put it back of his saw and started it going. At the end of the week for the first time, he was ahead. Mr. Meyer said, "I have always imagined myself talking to the saw and saying, 'What has made the change? You are the same old saw, you have the same teeth, you have not been sharpened, you are on the same frame. Last week I lost money by you, and this week I made money. What is it?' If the old saw could speak, I think it would say, 'Last week I had man power, and this week I had steam power.' " Everything depends on the power back of you. It is not so much a question of the energy of the flesh, or even of mental power, but it is a question of having back of you the power of the risen Christ. Sunday school teachers, ministers, Christian workers, it is not a question as to who we are or what we are, but of the power back of us.

There is another thing. Did you notice as I told the story just where I stopped, when Simon Peter came to the shore that morning? What did he see first? You say, "Jesus." But *what* did he see? Not whom, but what? I will tell you what he saw. He saw a fire of coals burning. Now tell me where else in the New Testament a fire of coals is burning. There is only

one other place. John 18:18: "And Peter stood and warmed himself." He looked into the fire, for he could not have looked into anybody's face and said, "I know not the man." He warmed himself and said, "I know him not." It is no fancy of mine that when he came to the shore he saw the fire of coals, and if he did, I know this, that he was convicted. He realized his mistake, he remembered his oaths. They came back to him, and I know what he did. I can see him drop down at the feet of the Master and say, "O Master, I denied thee with an oath, have mercy." Only I do not believe that he got that far. While he was speaking, Jesus stooped down and took him by the hand. They clasped hands, but there was a difference. Jesus' hand had been pierced. "Peter, it is all forgotten. I shall not remember it against you." I bring you to-day this message, that when you have sinned and failed and hurt Him, if you go alone with Him, and bare your heart and your life, you can trust Him to accept your confession.

One beautiful Sunday afternoon when I was at the Mount of Olives, I made up my mind to see the Garden of Gethsemane when the crowd was not there. I could not get into the Garden, so I stayed on the outside, and looked through the iron bars. In imagination I could see Jesus and the disciples there. Do you know the thing that impressed me most about Gethsemane? Apart from His saying, "Not my will, but thine be done," is Jesus' explanation of the apparent

failure of His disciples. Here are these men sleeping, and He is looking at them and saying, "Their eyes are heavy." As if He had said, "They are not sleeping because they are disloyal, not because they have forgotten Me. They are sleeping because they are worn out." Thanks be unto God, this same Saviour I am talking to you about now is at the right hand of the Father, and He is making the same explanation for your failure and mine. I say things I ought not to say, do things I ought not to do, I hurt somebody, and I say to myself, "Oh, my God, how can I do these things?" I go to Him and say, "Jesus, have mercy." I start the day with Him and He knows my prayers. He remembers me at the right hand of the Father, He makes explanation. What a marvellous Saviour! Go to Him with your sorrows, your sins, and never start a day without Him.

And this too. He set a feast before them, and together they ate. They must have taken some of the fish in the net. He takes what we have and uses it in wonderful ways. I am going to see Him one day, I shall meet Him, these ministers will greet Him. We shall be in His presence, and that will be a feast day. He will spread the feast for us. I do not think eternity will be long enough to praise Him. There are many things about which Jesus and I might have fellowship. I can hear Him asking, "Do you remember the man who came staggering

170 MEETINGS WITH THE SAVIOUR

down the aisle and took Me as his Saviour?" The Sunday school teachers and Christian workers too. That will be a feast day indeed. I love Him and I long to see Him. Won't it be wonderful when you see Him and say, "I led my little boy to Christ," and He will say, "Come and let us feast together." In the morning.

The second meeting is described in John 4:6. "It was about the sixth hour." Meeting Jesus at noon. He was sitting on the well curb, Jacob's well, when a woman drew near. His disciples had gone away to buy meat in the village. When they came back and urged Him to eat He replied, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of." The conversation He had had with this woman has lost Him His appetite. There was something greater for the Master. What a noontide meeting! Noon is always a trying time in the East. The few birds stop their songs, and the cattle go into the shadows of the rocks. Travellers always stop. Jesus was resting. Watch this point. Jesus said, "Give me to drink." I do not know how that impresses you. It stirs me for this reason. I am always thinking of His giving something to me. He gave me pardon and peace, He gave me joy, He gave me Himself. When John G. Wooley was a drunkard and came to Christ, he says he was staggering one night from weakness along the streets of New York. As he came to a certain corner where the temptation was the

sharpest, he says that the Lord Jesus came to him and whispered, "John G. Wooley, do you want help?" Mr. Wooley said, "I looked up and said, 'No, Lord Jesus, I don't want help, I want You.'" And from that moment he had victory. He gave me pardon, peace, joy, Himself. But I think it is a marvellous thing that I can give something to Him. "Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink." Give Him yourself.

I want you to notice this, that when Jesus was speaking to her He said, "If thou knewest who it is that is speaking to thee." If thou knewest. That is where we fail as ministers. There is not a minister but has failed just there. If you only knew my Saviour, if I could tell you about Him as I have seen Him, not with these eyes, but with these eyes shut. I have heard Him speak, and He is wonderful. He has a marvellous way of speaking to you when you listen. If I could only tell you. Henry Ward Beecher said, "I have had day dreams of Jesus, and night visions. I have said, 'I am going to preach Him.' But I have been like the little girl who gathered the grasses and flowers with the dew on them, and said, 'I will take these to my mother, the dew drops are like jewels.' When she found her mother, the dew was gone." It is often so when I talk of Jesus, I lose the dew from my words. If thou knewest.

"Go call thy husband." Is not that a strange sentence? They had not been talking about husbands. That was her sin. If there is a sin in

172 MEETINGS WITH THE SAVIOUR

my life or in yours that we have hidden, we need to meet Jesus. Go call thy husband. That was where she was wrong. He will lay His finger on the place where you are wrong. Get alone with Him at noon, keep the world out, and ask Him to tell you where you are wrong. I like this verse.

*“I tell Him all my sorrows,
I tell Him all my joys;
I tell Him all that pleases me,
I tell Him what annoys.*

*“He tells me what I ought to do,
He tells me what to try;
And so we talk together,
My Lord and I.”*

I have come to the last five minutes. It is evening time. The evening is always fine, when the shadows lengthen, and the busy hum of the day is done. Our toil is over, and we sit together with our loved ones and sing and talk and love a little more. I close with this. John 20:19: “The same day at evening.” The disciples were in the little upper room. They were there for fear of the Jews. Suddenly He stood in the midst of them. Straight through the closed door He had come. He is showing them His hands and His side, and saying to them, “As the Father hath sent me, even so send I you.” He was near then, and He is near now. Can you not almost feel His breath upon your cheek? Well, then, if He is so near, if He is

breathing on us, let us breathe in what He breathes out. He shewed them His hands and His side.

You mothers know how it is. Even if you employ a nurse for your children, when the day is done, you like to see your children tucked away in their beds. With your fingers you like to straighten the cover. You want to pat their shoulders, smooth their hair, and touch their faces. I can remember my mother doing these things, although it is years since she went away. Never close your eyes in sleep at night without saying, "Lord Jesus, do not let me sleep until we straighten out everything that is wrong."

We had a guest from England who told us about a family in one of the fine old English homes. Once the house was discovered on fire. They thought that everybody was out. Everybody was out but the baby. The mother saved her. For years as the child grew up the mother went about the house with her hands covered. The eldest of the servants had never seen her hands uncovered. But the daughter came into her room one day unexpectedly, and the mother sat there with her hands uncovered. They were torn and scarred and disfigured. Instantly the mother tried to cover them as the girl came forward, but she said, "I had better tell you about it. It was when the fire was in the house and you were in your cradle. I fought my way through the flames to get you. I wrapped you in a blanket and dropped you

through the window, and somebody caught you. I could not go down the stairway, so I climbed out of the window. My hands were burnt, and I slipped, and caught on the trellis work. When I fell, my hands were torn. The doctor did his best, but, my dear, these hands were torn for you." And the girl, who had grown to womanhood, sprang toward her mother, took one hand and then the other, and buried her face in those hands, as she kept saying, "They are beautiful hands, beautiful hands."

I say this afternoon concerning His hands, "They are beautiful, beautiful." There was a time when I was lost, and those hands held me and drew me back. There was a time when my heart was breaking, and those hands held my heart together and kept it from breaking. There was a time when my tears were running like rain, and those hands brushed away the tears. Will you meet Him? Come. Let us meet Him. Start the day with Him, keep in touch with Him all the day, never close your eyes without Him. God bless you.

XV

THE JUDGMENT

"It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment."—HEBREWS 9:27.

THIS is a text of Scripture in which every man in this building believes. You say, "Wait a moment, that can't be true, for I don't know whether I really believe in the existence of God." Still I have a text that you believe. You say again, "Wait a moment, I don't know that I believe in the Bible at all." But I say, I have a text that all of us must believe, at least the first part of it. "It is appointed unto men once to die." We would like not to believe in it, but there is no escape. We must believe in this much of the text.

But how about the second part of the text—"After this the judgment"? Maybe you accept the first part, but not the second. You believe in death, but not in judgment. Yet there is a sense in which death brings judgment. There are many things we do not know about what is called in the Bible the Day of Judgment. But one thing we know about judgment is just what the text says, it comes after death.

After this the judgment! That is a startling sentence. The Bible never speaks softly about

judgment. Men need to be shocked into the truth. We have to believe in death, but we excuse ourselves from believing in judgment. The Bible wants us to be interested in what comes "after this."

Yet solemn as it is, I stand here as a Christian among Christians and say that I have no fear of judgment. I do not mean to say that I am better than you. I mean to say this, "There is therefore now no condemnation—no judgment—to them which are in Christ Jesus." The apostle Paul said this. When I say that I am not afraid I mean this too, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation—judgment." So if I am a Christian, if you are a Christian, if we turn from sin and accept Jesus Christ as a Saviour, then God has accepted Jesus Christ as your substitute and mine. And hear me, men, if I can persuade you to accept my Saviour to-day as your Saviour, never, never in the future will you stand at the judgment bar of God. That is true.

But for the man in this building who has turned away from Christ, resisted His mercy, spurned God's love, I am tremendously concerned.

Why do you think men are indifferent to the judgment? I know. Distance in time has the same effect as distance in space. You go out at night and look up, and you see a thin fleecy

cloud crossing the sky. Some one tells you that it is the Milky Way. What is that? Millions of worlds grouped together, many of them larger than ours. Yet they seem so small, because the distance is so great. The judgment is like that to many, too far distant to matter much. If I could prove to you that before to-morrow night you would stand face to face with God in judgment, there is not a man here who would close his eyes in sleep. Before the end of the week we may face our sins in judgment. Not a man here would go to his business if he knew that this is true. Listen. There is not one of us clever enough to prove that he may not, before the week is finished, face God, his record, his conscience and his sins.

It is because you think that the day is far distant that you wait. If I could prove to some man here that before his drunken stupor is over he would face his God, to another that before he had ceased his blasphemous talk he would face his God, and to another that before his visit at night in the house of evil fame is finished he would face his God, every man's face would whiten. It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.

Judgment is personal. All of us are concerned in it. I want you to feel it now. After this the judgment! This means you, and you, and you, if you have rejected Christ. No one can take your place. Probably there is some one who would be willing to die for you or me,

some one who would be willing to take our place in judgment, if that were possible.

I was on the train going out of New York, and read in a New York paper of a mother whose boy was an inebriate. She did washing to make money, and he would spend it. One day she said to her son, "I am going to ask the judge to commit you to Blackwell's Island, and if you will stay away from your companions in sin, I think you may get through this thing. I will make money while you are there and help you." The judge agreed to commit him on account of drunkenness, and the morning came when he appeared. His name was read out, and they were about to send him over, when down in the center of the court room two white hands were lifted. Nobody paid much attention. The old woman staggered into the aisle, but, accustomed to such scenes, nobody paid much attention. But when she made her way to the front of the court room, everybody looked. Suddenly she dropped down in front of the judge and said, "Your honour, that is my boy. I have changed my mind. I can't let him go, it will break my heart if he does." She dropped on her face, and they carried her out dead. That is a mother. But there has never been a mother in the world who could stand for her boy at the judgment. You, and you, and you. It is personal.

Judgment makes men think. I am going to make a statement now that some may not agree with. The easiest person in the world to reach

with the Gospel, is not a boy, not these boys on my left, nor the little girls who sit night after night on the right, not the women who crowd this building. The easiest person to reach with the Gospel is a man. I know, because I have preached to more men than women. I have seen more men converted than women. But you never can lead a man to Jesus until you make him think. We are sometimes so bound with sin, so taken up with the world, so caught with pleasure, that we stop thinking. I am speaking to-day in these few minutes about this word. Judgment! After this the judgment. If there is a man here who has not thought about it, let him begin now.

Sam Jones was preaching in the south. The sheriff of the town was almost persuaded, but the meetings closed and he was not converted. Sam Jones went back there and found him dying, still unsaved. He went into his room and took his thin white hand and said, "Mr. Sheriff, the doctor says you are going to die." Sam Jones was going to say, "And you are not ready." The old man drew his hand away and said, "Yes, sir, I am. And I am not afraid of the enemy you call death." He had marched a hundred times on the battlefield and never flinched. Sam Jones says, "I was dumb for a moment, but I reached out and took his hand and said, 'Mr. Sheriff, I know you are not afraid to die, but how about God, and your sins, and judgment?' I saw tears in his eyes, and when

he drew away his hand, he was saying, 'The judgment, God pity me, sir, I am not ready, I am not ready.'" I am speaking now to make you think.

First, it is personal. Second, it makes men think. Third, it makes men honest and true to think about judgment. Stop and consider this a moment. Most of us are honest with each other, and not with God. I ask you to be a Christian, and you say, "I am not good enough." You are not honest. If you were good enough, Jesus would not have died for you. You say, "I would, but I have no feeling." That is not being honest with God. You are a lawyer, and you had the feeling of a lawyer when you took your case to court. Or you are a doctor, and you had the feeling of a doctor in the operation you performed yesterday. I ask you to be a Christian, and you evade it by saying that you have no feeling. You say, "There are hypocrites in the Church." The fact that you say this shows that you have a good deal of feeling about being a Christian. There are hypocrites. I have had several churches, and I have had them in every church. But it is not true that hypocrites in the Church are keeping you away from Christ. The Lord seems to go around with a pepper box and sprinkle a few hypocrites in each place. Perhaps they do us some kind of good. If anything will keep a man humble, it is to see a real hypocrite sitting in front of him. I remember one of them. I shall

never forget him. When I rose to preach he would turn over the pages of the hymn book. When the hymn book didn't interest him, he read the church paper. When he got tired of this, he pretended to sleep. I heard him once on Monday morning, criticizing the sermon at a point where he was supposed to be sleeping. Yes, he was a perfect hypocrite. This man would rise to pray, and you would think the wings were sprouting. I fancy you know the kind. But he never really troubled me. Five seats back of him there sat a sweet Christian woman who is now in the skies. I could always see too, away back in Indiana, my sweet mother, sitting in the church. She went home to God when she was just a young woman, with her kiss wet on my cheeks, as she told me she loved me and was going to pray for me until I was safe home. They were not hypocrites, and there are tens of thousands more who are not. You can't put enough hypocrisy in the Church to outweigh the lives of those two women. The trouble is not that there is hypocrisy in the Church, the trouble is that you are not right yourself. You are not right. The thought of judgment makes a man honest. After this the judgment.

The judgment is a meeting place. It is a place where a man will meet his conscience. I could give you a definition of conscience that I learned in college, and it would puzzle you. Conscience! It is that something that approves when we are right, and disapproves when we

are wrong. Conscience! It is that something that makes us toss on our beds at night, so that we cannot sleep although the pillow is downy. I gave that definition, and a Harvard graduate said, "That is no good." I said, "Why?" "Because I know I am wrong, and I eat and sleep and drink, and look every man square in the eye. Where then is your definition?" "But," I said, "there was a time when God said 'Stop,' and you went on. 'Turn to the right' and you turned to the left." And he said, "That is true." He had a seared conscience. But conscience is not necessarily dead even when it is seared. It is alive, and it will face you one day in judgment.

*"I know of the future judgment
How dreadful soe'er it may be,
To stand face to face with my conscience
Would be judgment enough for me."*

Listen. Judgment is a place where you are going to meet your sin, yes, your individual sins. Your sin. What is it? Some man in this building has money in his pocket that is not his own. You will face it. Some man here to-day is guilty of the sin of gambling. It is in your veins, it is so insidious. You will reap a sad harvest. Some men here are guilty of the sin that makes a man lower than the beasts of the field. One day you will face it. Some men here are guilty of intemperance. I have held in my hand to-day the hand of a man who was an inebriate. When

I heard him speak, and felt the tremble in his body, I registered a vow to God that I would go on smiting with both fists a thing that deprives a man of his manhood and breaks the heart of his wife. Judgment is a meeting place with our sins.

Isn't it strange that we speak of a certain kind of sin as "social sin"? It is the most unsocial, the most disloyal, kind of sin. The law does not always detect such sin, but God does. Is that your sin? Tell me. Some of you men seem to think that you can sin against God and society, your wife and your children, against some other man's daughter, and then after while, when you are through, you think that you can just shrug your shoulders and start life anew. Some day, one of you young men will marry a sweet girl, pure as an angel, and you will start out with the world applauding you, and you will say of the old text, "What nonsense. The wages of sin is death? Nonsense." But nature is not easily cheated. Law is on the throne. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

I am speaking to you with all my heart. I am anxious about men—young men. You students, if I could win some of you to Christ, I could turn the tide in the college. Some of you men from the shops, if I could win you, I could turn your part of the city to God. You professional men, if you would turn to God, the city

would be shaken with God's power. Somebody else in the city is depending upon you.

I have a friend in New England, a cultured woman, and one day she left her home to visit a prison. She came to the prison, and the warden said, "We have a sad story to-day. Our smallest boy and youngest prisoner is dying. We have sent for his mother, and she cannot get here. There is an accident on the road." So my friend went to the little room where the boy was dying, his face as white as it could be. She sat down and talked to him and got his confidence, bent over and pushed back the wet hair from his cold brow. Then she said, "Now, my son, your mother cannot come, but I will take her place." She read, she prayed and sang, and just as she rose from her knees the little prison boy said to her, "Mrs. Barney, when my mother comes, if I am dead, tell her to do this for me. I want her to bend down and kiss me, and I want her to say she forgives me." And the little fellow's heart stopped. When his mother came my friend told her as she went up the iron stairway to the room. She took the white sheet from off her boy's face, stood a moment looking at the face she loved, and bending down, she took the cold face in her hands and kissed him, and as she kissed him she said, "Jo, darling, mother's here, and she forgives you with all her heart, she forgives you with all her heart. But, my God," she said, "your father!" When the boy was nine he was drunk. His father gave

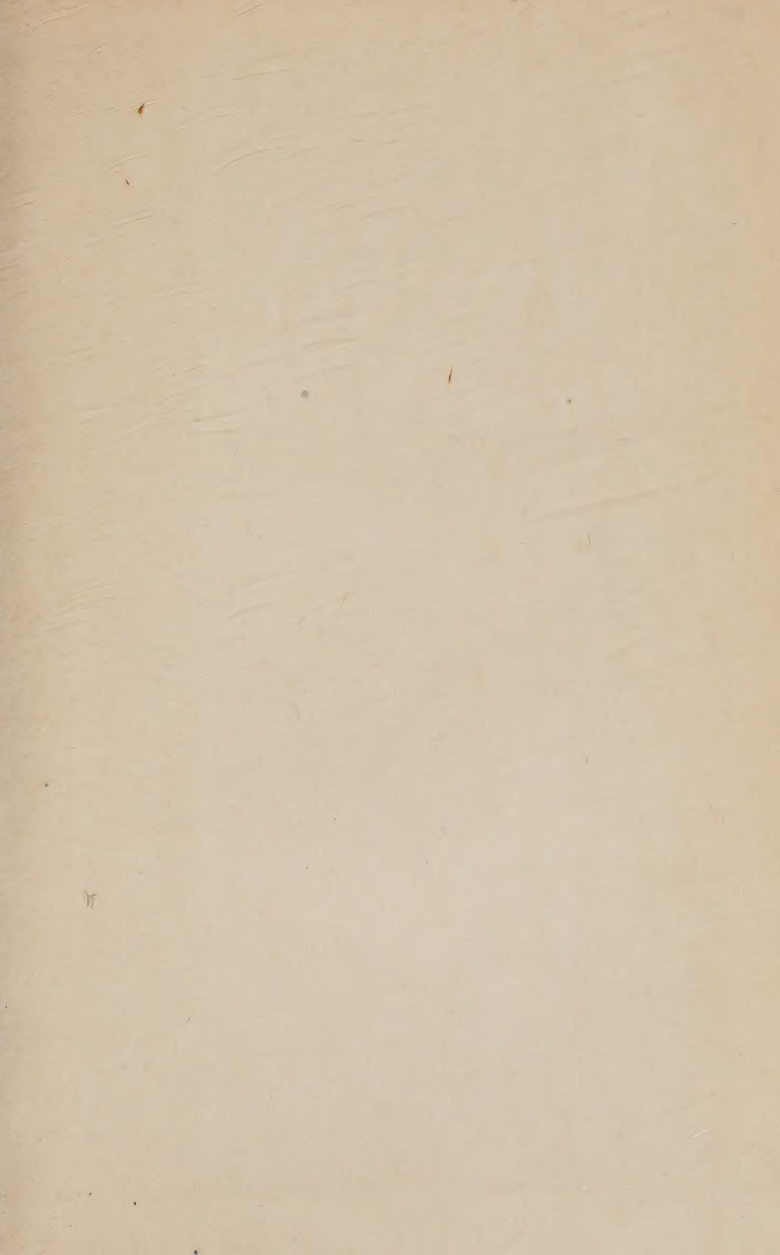
him the drink and started him on the career that ruined him. On her knees, with her face against his face, she kept saying, "Jo, mother forgives you, darling. But, oh, your father!" And to-day you fathers with boys, and you boys with fathers, and you men with friends, hear me, hear me. Judgment is a meeting place with our sins.

I heard a rap at my door. I was the eldest boy. I said, "Come in." The nurse who had been in our house for weeks came and shook me by the shoulder and said, "Hurry, hurry." I knew what it meant. My mother was dying. She was dying at thirty-four. I wakened the other children and we rushed down the stairway to the room where she had been dying for days. We stood a moment outside the door. Then the nurse came to the door and said, "Children, your mother is dead." Has there ever been a time in your life, young or old, when it seemed that all the light had gone, and all the hope out of life in a moment, like the moment when you heard it by wire, or letter, or lip, "Mother's dead"? I went into the room and my father was on his knees. He folded us in his arms in prayer. We took her and buried her. I go to read her name on the tombstone and the sorrow comes back again as if it was yesterday. For forty years I have not seen my mother. But I never stand at her grave without almost shouting the words, "Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

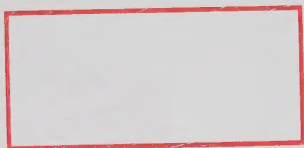
You are going to need Christ some day. There will be a great sorrow and you will need Him. You or some one dear to you will be called to suffer, and you will need Him. Some day you will come to your hour and you will need Him. And after this you will need Him, for *after this* there is judgment. You will need Him when you face judgment. Why not accept Him now? In Him condemnation and judgment are taken away. We have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Printed in the United States of America

94 3



DATE DUE



BV 3797 .C49 1928

Chapman, J. Wilbur 1859-
1918.

Awakening sermons

United Theological Seminary Library

MAIN

BV3797.C49 1928

Chapman, J. W. Awakening sermons /



3 0645 0004 9133 8